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**COWPER'S POEMS.**

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**TILT'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION.**





# POEMS:

BY

WILLIAM COWPER.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTION,

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE:

AND

SEVENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS, ENGRAVED BY J. ORRIN SMITH,

FROM DRAWINGS BY JOHN GILBERT.

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# **THE TASK.**

## **BOOK I.—THE SOFA.**



### ARGUMENT.

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa. A school-boy's ramble. A walk in the country. The scene described. Rural sounds as well as sights delightful. Another walk. Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected. Colonnades commended. Alcove, and the view from it. The Wilderness. The Grove. The Thresher. The necessity and the benefits of exercise. The works of nature superior to, and, in some instances, inimitable-by, art. The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure. Change of scene sometimes expedient. A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced. Gipsies. The blessings of civilized life. That state most favourable to virtue. The South Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai. His present state of mind supposed. Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities. Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured. Fête champêtre. The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.



## THE TASK.

### BOOK I.—THE SOFA.

I sing the Sofa. I, who lately sang  
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe  
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,  
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,  
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme ;  
The theme though humble, yet august and proud  
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,  
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.  
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,  
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile :

The hardy chief, upon the rugged rock  
Wash'd by the sea, or on the gravelly bank  
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,  
Fearless of wrong reposed his weary strength.  
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next  
The birthday of Invention ; weak at first,  
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.  
Joint-stools were then created ; on three legs  
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm  
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.  
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,  
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms :  
And such, in ancient halls and mansions drear,  
May still be seen ; but perforated sore  
And drill'd in holes the solid oak is found,  
By worms voracious eaten through and through.

At length a generation more refined  
Improved the simple plan ; made three legs four,  
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,  
And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,  
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,  
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought  
And woven close, or needlework sublime.  
There might ye see the peony spread wide,  
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,  
Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,  
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright  
With Nature's varnish ; sever'd into stripes,  
That interlaced each other, these supplied  
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced  
The new machine, and it became a chair.  
But restless was the chair ; the back erect  
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease ;

The slippery seat betray'd the sliding part  
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,  
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.  
These for the rich ; the rest, whom Fate had placed  
In modest mediocrity, content  
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,  
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,  
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,  
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fix'd,  
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd  
Than the firm oak of which the frame was form'd.  
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd.  
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood  
Ponderous and fix'd by its own massy weight.  
But elbows still were wanting ; these, some say,  
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived ;  
And some ascribe the invention to a priest,  
Burly, and big, and studious of his ease.  
But rude at first, and not with easy slope  
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs,  
And bruised the side ; and, elevated high,  
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.  
Long time elapsed or e'er our rugged sires  
Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,  
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first  
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.  
Ingenuous Fancy, never better pleased  
Than when employ'd to accommodate the Fair,  
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised  
The soft settee ; one elbow at each end,  
And in the midst an elbow it received,  
United, yet divided, twain at once.  
So sit two Kings of Brentford on one throne ;  
And so two citizens, who take the air,

Close pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one.  
But relaxation of the languid frame  
By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,  
Was bliss reserved for happier days. So slow  
The growth of what is excellent ; so hard  
To attain perfection in this nether world.  
Thus first Necessity invented stools,  
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,  
And Luxury the accomplish'd Sofa last.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,  
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,  
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,  
To sleep within the carriage more secure,  
His legs depending at the open door.  
Sweet sleep enjoys the Curate in his desk,  
The tedious Rector drawling o'er his head ;  
And sweet the Clerk below. But neither sleep  
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead ;  
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour,  
To slumber in the carriage more secure ;  
Nor sleep enjoy'd by Curate in his desk ;  
Nor yet the dozings of the Clerk, are sweet,  
Compared with the repose the Sofa yields.

O may I live exempted (while I live  
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)  
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe  
Of libertine Excess. The Sofa suits  
The gouty limb, 'tis true ; but gouty limb,  
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel :  
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes  
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,  
And skirted thick with intertexture firm  
Of thorny boughs ; have loved the rural walk  
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink,

E'er since, a truant boy, I pass'd my bounds,  
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames ;  
And still remember, nor without regret  
Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,  
How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,  
Still hungering, pennyless, and far from home,  
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,  
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss  
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.  
Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite  
Disdains not ; nor the palate, undepraved  
By culinary arts, unsavory deems.  
No Sofa then awaited my return ;  
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs  
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil  
Incurring short fatigue ; and, though our years,  
As life declines, speed rapidly away,  
And not a year but pilfers, as he goes,  
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep ;  
A tooth, or auburn lock, and, by degrees,  
Their length and colour from the locks they spare ;  
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot  
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,  
That play of lungs, inhaling and again  
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes  
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,  
Mine have not pilfer'd yet ; nor yet impair'd  
My relish of fair prospect ; scenes that soothed  
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find  
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.  
And witness, dear companion of my walks,  
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive  
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,  
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth

And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—  
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.  
Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,  
And that my raptures are not conjured up  
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,  
But genuine, and art partner of them all.  
How oft, upon yon eminence, our pace  
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne  
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,  
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,  
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.  
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd  
The distant plough slow moving, and beside  
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,  
The sturdy swain, diminish'd to a boy !  
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain  
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,  
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,  
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,  
Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,  
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;  
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,  
That as with molten glass inlays the vale,  
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;  
Displaying on its varied side the grace  
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,  
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells  
Just undulates upon the listening ear,  
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.  
Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily view'd,  
Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years :  
Praise justly due to those that I describe.  
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,

Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike  
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,  
And lull the spirit, while they fill the mind ;  
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,  
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.  
Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip  
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall  
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length  
In matted grass, that with a livelier green  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.  
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,  
But animated Nature sweeter still,  
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.  
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one  
The livelong night : nor these alone, whose notes  
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,  
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,  
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.  
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,  
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,  
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought  
Devised the weather-house, that useful toy !  
Fearless of humid air and gathering rains  
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself ;  
More delicate, his timorous mate retires.  
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,



Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,  
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,  
The task of new discoveries falls on me.  
At such a season, and with such a charge,  
Once went I forth ; and found, till then unknown,  
A cottage, whither oft we since repair :  
'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top, but close  
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,  
That overhang the thatch, itself, unseen,  
Peeps at the vale below ; so thick beset  
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,  
I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the *peasant's nest*.  
And, hidden as it is, and far remote  
From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear  
In village or in town, the bay of curs  
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,  
And infants clamorous whether pleased or pain'd,  
Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.  
Here, I have said, at least I should possess  
The Poet's treasure, silence, and indulge  
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.  
Vain thought ! the dweller in that still retreat  
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.  
Its elevated site forbids the wretch  
To drink sweet waters of the crystal well ;  
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,  
And, heavy laden, brings his beverage home,  
Far fetch'd and little worth ; nor seldom waits,  
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,  
To hear his creaking panniers at the door,  
Angry, and sad, and his last crust consumed.  
So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest* !  
If solitude make scant the means of life,  
Society for me !—thou seeming sweet,

Be still a pleasing object in my view ;  
My visit still, but never mine abode.

Not distant far, a length of colonnade  
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,  
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.  
Our fathers knew the value of a screen  
From sultry suns : and, in their shaded walks  
And long protracted bowers, enjoy'd, at noon,  
The gloom and coolness of declining day.  
We bear our shades about us ; self-deprived  
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,  
And range an Indian waste without a tree.  
Thanks to Benevolus\*—he spares me yet  
These chesnuts ranged in corresponding lines ;  
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves  
The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)  
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,  
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip  
Their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink.  
Hence, ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme,  
We mount again, and feel at every step  
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,  
Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.  
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,  
Disfigures earth : and, plotting in the dark,  
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,  
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove  
That crowns it ! yet not all its pride secures  
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd  
By rural carvers, who with knives deface

\* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq., of Weston Underwood.



The panels, leaving an obscure rude name,  
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.  
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself  
Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few,  
Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd  
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,  
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye ;

And, posted on this speculative height,  
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here  
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.  
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek  
The middle field ; but, scatter'd by degrees,  
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.  
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps  
The loaded wain ; while, lighten'd of its charge,  
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;  
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team,  
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.  
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,  
Diversified with trees of every growth,  
Alike, yet various. Here the grey smooth trunks  
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine  
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood  
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.  
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
And of a wannish grey ; the willow such,  
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,  
And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;  
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,  
The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts  
Prolific, and the lime, at dewy eve  
Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass  
The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
Now green, now tawny, and, ere Autumn yet  
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.  
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map  
Of hill and valley interposed between),  
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,

Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,  
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,  
And such the re-ascent ; between them weeps  
A little Naiad her impoverish'd urn  
All Summer long, which Winter fills again.  
The folded gates would bar my progress now,  
But that the Lord\* of this enclosed demesne,  
Communicative of the good he owns,  
Admits me to a share ; the guiltless eye  
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.  
Refreshing change ! where now the blazing sun ?  
By short transition we have lost his glare,  
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.  
Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn  
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,  
That yet a remnant of your race survives.  
How airy and how light the graceful arch,  
Yet awful as the consecrated roof  
Re-echoing pious anthems ! while, beneath,  
The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood  
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light  
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,  
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,  
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves  
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.

And now, with nerves new-braced, and spirits cheer'd,  
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,  
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—  
Deception innocent—give ample space  
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next ;  
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms

\* See the foregoing note, page 11.



We may discern the thresher at his task.  
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,  
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls  
Full on the destined ear. Wide flies the chaff,  
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist  
Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam.  
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,  
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread  
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,  
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge  
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.  
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,

That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,  
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads  
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.  
Its own revolency upholds the world.  
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,  
And fit the limpid element for use,  
Else noxious ; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,  
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed  
By restless undulation : e'en the oak  
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm :  
He seems, indeed, indignant, and to feel  
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,  
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm  
He held the thunder : but the monarch owes  
His firm stability to what he scorns,  
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.  
The law by which all creatures else are bound,  
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives  
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,  
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.  
The sedentary stretch their lazy length  
When Custom bids, but no refreshment find,  
For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek  
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,  
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.  
Not such the alert and active. Measure life  
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,  
And theirs alone seem worthy of the name.  
Good health, and, its associate in the most,  
Good temper ; spirits prompt to undertake,  
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task ;  
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs ;

E'en age itself seems privileged in them  
With clear exemption from its own defects.  
A sparkling eye, beneath a wrinkled front,  
The veteran shows, and, gracing a grey beard  
With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave,  
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,  
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine  
Who oftenest sacrifice are favour'd least.  
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,  
Is Nature's dictate. Strange ! there should be found,  
Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,  
Renounce the odours of the open field  
For the unscented fictions of the loom ;  
Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes,  
Prefer to the performance of a God  
The inferior wonders of an artist's hand !  
Lovely, indeed, the mimic works of Art ;  
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,  
None more admires, the painter's magic skill ;  
Who shows me that which I shall never see,  
Conveys a distant country into mine,  
And throws Italian light on English walls :  
But imitative strokes can do no more  
Than please the eye—sweet Nature, every sense.  
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,  
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,  
And music of her woods—no works of man  
May rival these, these all bespeak a power  
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.  
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;  
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renew'd ;  
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.  
He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long



In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey  
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank  
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,  
Escapes at last to liberty and light :  
His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue ;  
His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires ;  
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,  
And riots in the sweets of every breeze.  
He does not scorn it, who has long endured  
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.  
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed  
With acrid salts ; his very heart athirst  
To gaze at Nature in her green array,  
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd  
With visions prompted by intense desire :  
Fair fields appear below, such as he left  
Far distant, such as he would die to find—  
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;  
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,  
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,  
And mar the face of Beauty, when no cause  
For such immeasurable woe appears,  
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair  
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.  
It is the constant revolution, stale  
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,  
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life  
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.  
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart  
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast  
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,  
No smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.  
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,



Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.  
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,  
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand  
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort  
Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits,  
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad  
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.  
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room  
Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit,  
Through downright inability to rise,  
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.  
These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these  
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he,  
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.  
They love it and yet loathe it ; fear to die,



Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.  
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,  
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds  
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,  
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long  
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.

The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,  
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,  
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams  
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.  
The peasant too, a witness of his song,  
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.  
But save me from the gaiety of those,  
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed ;  
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes  
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs  
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance ;  
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,  
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

The earth was made so various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.  
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen  
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,  
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off  
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.  
Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,  
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,  
Delight us ; happy to renounce awhile,  
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,  
That such short absence may endear it more.  
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,  
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts,  
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,  
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner  
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,  
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist  
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,  
And at his feet the baffled billows die.  
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough

With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,  
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,  
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,  
Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf  
Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs,  
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense  
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days  
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd  
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.  
A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.  
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves  
To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers ; fancy, too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports she was not to know.  
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—  
And never smiled again ! And now she roams  
The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,  
And there, unless when charity forbids,  
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,  
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown  
More tatter'd still ; and both but ill conceal  
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.  
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,  
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,  
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never—Kate is crazed.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke  
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.  
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung



Between two poles upon a stick transverse,  
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,  
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd  
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race !  
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd

The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,  
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.  
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more  
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,  
Conveying worthless dross into its place ;  
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.  
Strange ! that a creature, rational, and cast  
In human mould, should brutalize by choice  
His nature ; and, though capable of arts  
By which the world might profit, and himself  
Self-banish'd from society, prefer  
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !  
Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft,  
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,  
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,  
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,  
When safe occasion offers ; and with dance,  
And music of the bladder and the bag,  
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.  
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy  
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world ;  
And, breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,  
Need other physic none to heal the effects  
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.  
Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd  
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,  
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside  
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,  
The manners and the arts of civil life.  
His wants, indeed, are many ; but supply  
Is obvious, placed within the easy reach  
Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.  
Here Virtue thrives, as in her proper soil ;

Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,  
And terrible to sight, as when she springs  
(If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote  
And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,  
And strength is lord of all ; but gentle, kind,  
By culture tamed, by liberty refresh'd,  
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.  
War and the chase engross the savage whole ;  
War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant  
The envied tenants of some happier spot ;  
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust !  
His hard condition with severe constraint  
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth  
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns  
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,  
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.  
Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,  
And thus the rangers of the western world,  
Where it advances far into the deep,  
Towards the Antarctic. E'en the favour'd isles  
So lately found, although the constant sun  
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,  
Can boast but little virtue ; and, inert  
Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain  
In manners—victims of luxurious ease.  
These, therefore, I can pity, placed remote  
From all that science traces, art invents,  
Or inspiration teaches ; and enclosed  
In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd  
By navigators uninform'd as they,  
Or plough'd, perhaps, by British bark again :  
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,  
Thee, gentle savage ! \* whom no love of thee

\* Omai.



Or thine, but curiosity, perhaps,  
Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw  
Forth from thy native bowers, to show thee here  
With what superior skill we can abuse  
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.  
The dream is past ; and thou hast found again  
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,  
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou found  
Their former charms ? And, having seen our state,  
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp  
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,  
And heard our music ; are thy simple friends,  
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,  
As dear to thee as once ? And have thy joys  
Lost nothing by comparison with ours ?  
Rude as thou art (for we return'd thee rude  
And ignorant, except of outward show),  
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart  
And spiritless, as never to regret  
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.  
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,  
And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot,  
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.  
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,  
A patriot's for his country. Thou art sad  
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,  
From which no power of thine can raise her up.  
Thus Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,  
Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.  
She tells me, too, that duly every morn  
Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye  
Exploring far and wide the watery waste  
For sight of ship from England. Every speck  
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale

With conflict of contending hopes and fears.  
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,  
And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared,  
To dream all night of what the day denied.  
Alas ! expect it not. We found no bait  
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,  
Disinterested good, is not our trade.  
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought ;  
And must be bribed to compass earth again  
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.

But though true worth and virtue in the mild  
And genial soil of cultivated life  
Thrive most, and may, perhaps, thrive only there,  
Yet not in cities oft : in proud, and gay,  
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,  
As to a common and most noisome sewer,  
The dregs and feculence of every land.  
In cities foul example on most minds  
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds,  
In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth and lust,  
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.  
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,  
Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught  
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there  
Beyond the achievement of successful flight.  
I do confess them nurseries of the arts,  
In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams  
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye  
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.  
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd  
The fairest capital of all the world,  
By riot and incontinence the worst.  
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes  
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees

All her reflected features. Bacon there  
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,  
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.  
Nor does the chisel occupy alone  
The powers of sculpture, but the style as much ;  
Each province of her art her equal care.  
With nice incision of her guided steel  
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil  
So sterile with what charms so'er she will,  
The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.  
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,  
With which she gazes at yon burning disk  
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?  
In London. Where her implements exact,  
With which she calculates, computes, and scans  
All distance, motion, magnitude ; and now  
Measures an atom, and now girds a world ?  
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,  
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,  
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still  
Increasing London ? Babylon of old  
Not more the glory of the earth than she,  
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.  
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,  
That so much beauty would do well to purge ;  
And show this Queen of Cities, that so fair  
May yet be foul ; so witty, yet not wise.  
It is not seemly, nor of good report,  
That she is slack in discipline ; more prompt  
To avenge than to prevent the breach of law :  
That she is rigid in denouncing death  
On petty robbers, and indulges life  
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,  
To peculators of the public gold :

That thieves at home must hang ; but he, that puts  
Into his overgorged and bloated purse  
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.  
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,  
That, through profane and infidel contempt  
Of holy writ, she has presumed to annul  
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,  
The total ordinance and will of God ;  
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,  
And centring all authority in modes  
And customs of her own, till sabbath rites  
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,  
And knees and hassocks are well nigh divorced.

God made the country, and man made the town.  
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts  
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
That life holds out to all, should most abound  
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves ?  
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about  
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue  
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes  
But such as art contrives, possess ye still  
Your element ; there only can ye shine ;  
There only minds like yours can do no harm.  
Our groves were planted to console at noon  
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve  
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between  
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish ;  
Birds warbling, all the music. We can spare,  
The splendour of your lamps ; they but eclipse  
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound  
Our more harmonious notes : the Thrush departs  
Scared, and the offended Nightingale is mute.  
There is a public mischief in your mirth ;

It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,  
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,  
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,  
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,  
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.



# **THE TASK.**

## **BOOK II.—THE TIMEPIECE.**

## ARGUMENT.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book. Peace among the nations recommended on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow. Prodigies enumerated. Sicilian earthquakes. Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin. God the agent in them. The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved. Our own late miscarriages accounted for. Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainebleau. But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation. The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons. Petit-maitre parson. The good preacher. Picture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb. Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved. Apostrophe to popular applause. Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with. Sum of the whole matter. Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity. Their folly and extravagance. The mischiefs of profusion. Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.



## THE TASK.

### BOOK II.—THE TIMEPIECE.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,

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Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,  
My soul is sick with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
It does not feel for man; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not colour'd like his own; and having power  
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.  
Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed  
Make enemies of nations, who had else  
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.  
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;  
And worse than all, and most to be deplored  
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart  
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.  
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,  
And having human feelings, does not blush,  
And hang his head, to think himself a man?  
I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.  
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
Just estimation prized above all price,  
I had much rather be myself the slave,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?  
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave

That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
 And let it circulate through every vein  
 Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,  
 Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,  
 Between the nations in a world, that seems  
 To toll the deathbell of its own decease,  
 And, by the voice of all its elements,  
 To preach the general doom.\* When were the winds  
 Let slip with such a warrant to destroy ?  
 When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap  
 Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry ?  
 Fires from beneath, and meteors † from above,  
 Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,  
 Have kindled beacons in the skies ; and the old  
 And crazy earth has had her shaking fits  
 More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.  
 Is it a time to wrangle, when the props  
 And pillars of our planet seem to fail,  
 And Nature ‡ with a dim and sickly eye  
 To wait the close of all ? But grant her end  
 More distant, and that prophecy demands  
 A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet ;  
 Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak

\* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

† August 18th, 1783.

‡ Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

Displeasure in His breast, who smites the earth  
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.  
And 'tis but seemly that, where all deserve  
And stand exposed by common peccancy  
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,  
And brethren in calamity should love.

Alas for Sicily ! rude fragments now  
Lie scatter'd, where the shapely column stood.  
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets  
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord  
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,  
Suffer a syncopé and solemn pause ;  
While God performs upon the trembling stage  
Of His own works His dreadful part alone.  
How does the earth receive Him ?—with what signs  
Of gratulation and delight, her King ?  
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,  
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,  
Disclosing Paradise where'er He treads ?  
She quakes at His approach. Her hollow womb,  
Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps  
And fiery caverns, roars beneath His foot.  
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,  
For He has touch'd them. From the extremest point  
Of elevation down into the abyss  
His wrath is busy, and His frown is felt.  
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise ;  
The rivers die into offensive pools,  
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross  
And mortal nuisance into all the air.  
What solid was, by transformation strange,  
Grows fluid ; and the fix'd and rooted earth,  
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,  
Or with vertiginous and hideous whirl

Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense  
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs  
And agonies of human and of brute  
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,  
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene  
Migrates uplifted ; and, with all its soil  
Alighting in far distant fields, finds out  
A new possessor, and survives the change.  
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought  
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,  
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice  
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore  
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,  
Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,  
Possess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng  
That press'd the beach, and, hasty to depart,  
Look'd to the sea for safety ? They are gone,  
Gone with the reflux wave into the deep—  
A prince with half his people ! Ancient towers,  
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,  
Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume  
Life in the unproductive shades of death,  
Fall prone : the pale inhabitants come forth,  
And, happy in their unforeseen release  
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy  
The terrors of the day that sets them free.  
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,  
Freedom ! whom they that lose thee so regret,  
That e'en a judgment, making way for thee,  
Seems, in their eyes, a mercy for thy sake ?

Such evil sin hath wrought ; and such a flame  
Kindled in Heaven, that it burns down to earth,  
And in the furious inquest, that it makes  
On God's behalf, lays waste His fairest works.

The very elements, though each be meant  
The minister of man, to serve his wants,  
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws  
A plague into his blood ; and cannot use  
Life's necessary means, but he must die.  
Storms rise to o'erwhelm him : or, if stormy winds  
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,  
And, needing none assistance of the storm,  
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.  
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,  
Or make his house his grave : nor so content,  
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,  
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.  
What then !—were they the wicked above all,  
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd Isle  
Moved not, while theirs was rock'd, like a light skiff,  
The sport of every wave ? No : none are clear,  
And none than we more guilty. But, where all  
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts  
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark :  
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn  
The more malignant. If he spared not them,  
Tremble and be amazed at thine escape,  
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee !  
Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd  
In all the good and ill that checker life !  
Resolving all events, with their effects  
And manifold results, into the will.  
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.  
Did not His eye rule all things, and intend  
The least of our concerns (since from the least  
The greatest oft originate) ; could chance  
Find place in His dominion, or dispose  
One lawless particle to thwart His plan ;

Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen  
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb  
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.  
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed  
In Nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ;  
And, having found His instrument, forgets,  
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,  
Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims  
His hot displeasure against foolish men  
That live an atheist life : involves the Heavens  
In tempests ; quits His grasp upon the winds,  
And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague  
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,  
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.  
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend  
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,  
And taints the golden ear. He springs His mines,  
And desolates a nation at a blast.  
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells  
Of homogeneal and discordant springs  
And principles ; of causes, how they work,  
By necessary laws, their sure effects ;  
Of action and re-action : he has found  
The source of the disease that Nature feels,  
And bids the world take heart, and banish fear.  
Thou fool ! will thy discovery of the cause  
Suspend the effect, or heal it ? Has not God  
Still wrought by means since first He made the world ?  
And did He not of old employ His means  
To drown it ? What is His creation less  
Than a capacious reservoir of means  
Form'd for His use, and ready at His will ?  
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve ; ask of Him,  
Or ask of whomsoever He has taught ;  
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all ?

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime  
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd  
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,  
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
With all her vines: nor for Ausonia's groves  
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.  
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:  
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart  
As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain  
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks  
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.  
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,  
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth  
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er  
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;  
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
And love when they should fight; when such as these  
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause?  
Time was, when it was praise and boast enough  
In every clime, and travel where we might,  
That we were born her children. Praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,  
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.  
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them

The hope of such hereafter ! They have fallen  
Each in his field of glory ; one in arms,  
And one in council—Wolfe, upon the lap  
Of smiling Victory that moment won,  
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame !  
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still  
Consulting England's happiness at home,  
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,  
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,  
Put so much of his heart into his act,  
That his example had a magnet's force,  
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.  
Those suns are set. O rise some other such !  
Or all that we have left is empty talk  
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float  
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck  
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,  
That no rude savour maritime invade  
The nose of nice nobility ! Breathe soft,  
Ye clarionets ; and softer still, ye flutes ;  
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,  
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore !  
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.  
True ; we may thank the perfidy of France,  
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,  
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.  
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state !  
A brave man knows no malice, but at once  
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,  
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.  
And, shamed as we have been, to the very beard  
Braved and defied, and in our own sea proved  
Too weak for those decisive blows, that once



Ensured us mastery there, we yet retain  
Some small pre-eminence ; we justly boast  
At least superior jockeyship, and claim  
The honours of the turf as all our own !  
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,  
And show the shame, ye might conceal at home,  
In foreign eyes !—be grooms and win the plate,  
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown !—  
'Tis generous to communicate your skill  
To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd :  
And under such preceptors who can fail ?

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,  
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,  
The expedients and inventions multiform,  
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms,  
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—  
To arrest the fleeting images that fill  
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,  
And force them sit, till he has pencil'd off  
A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;  
Then, to dispose his copies with such art  
That each may find its most propitious light,  
And shine by situation hardly less  
Than by the labour and the skill it cost,  
Are occupations of the poet's mind  
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought  
With such address from themes of sad import,  
That, lost in his own musings, happy man !  
He feels the anxieties of life, denied  
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.  
Such joys has he that sings. But, ah ! not such,  
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.  
Fastidious, or else listless, or, perhaps,  
Aware of nothing arduous in a task

They never undertook, they little note  
His dangers or escapes, and haply find  
Their least amusement where he found the most.  
But is amusement all? Studios of song,  
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,  
I would not trifle merely, though the world  
Be loudest in their praise who do no more.  
Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?  
It may correct a foible, may chastise  
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,  
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;  
But where are its sublimer trophies found?  
What vice has it subdued? Whose heart reclaim'd  
By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform?  
Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed:  
Laugh'd at, he laughs again; and stricken hard,  
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,  
That fear no discipline of human hands.

The pulpit, therefore (and I name it fill'd  
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
With what intent I touch that holy thing)—  
The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,  
Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,  
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—  
I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,  
The most important and effectual guard,  
Support, and ornament, of Virtue's cause.  
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands  
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,  
His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
By him the violated law speaks out  
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet

As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.  
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,  
And arm'd, himself, in panoply complete  
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms  
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule  
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,  
The sacramental host of God's elect!  
Are all such teachers?—would to Heaven all were!  
But hark—the Doctor's voice!—fast wedged between  
Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks  
Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far  
Than all invective is his bold harangue,  
While through that public organ of report  
He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,  
Announces to the world his own and theirs!  
He teaches those to read whom schools dismiss'd,  
And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,  
And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer  
The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.  
He grinds divinity of other days  
Down into modern use; transforms old print  
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.  
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?  
O, name it not in Gath!—it cannot be,  
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.  
He, doubtless, is in sport, and does but droll,  
Assuming thus a rank unknown before—  
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

To such I render more than mere respect,  
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.  
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,  
In conversation frivolous, in dress  
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;  
Frequent in park with lady at his side,  
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;  
But rare at home, and never at his books,  
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;  
Constant at routs, familiar with a round  
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;  
Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,  
And well-prepared, by ignorance and sloth,  
By infidelity and love of world,  
To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave  
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;—  
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,  
Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands  
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,  
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,  
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;  
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,  
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture ; much impress'd  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?  
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,



And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;  
Cry—hem ; and, reading what they never wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !

In man or woman, but far most in man,  
And most of all in man that ministers  
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;  
Object of my implacable disgust.  
What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge  
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,  
And just proportion, fashionable mien,  
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?  
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,  
As with the diamond on his lily hand,  
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,

When I am hungry for the bread of life ?  
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
His noble office, and, instead of truth,  
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.  
Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,  
And start theatric, practised at the glass !  
I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,  
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired  
By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,  
To me is odious as the nasal twang  
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,  
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes  
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.  
Some, decent in demeanour while they preach,  
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves ;  
And, having spoken wisely, at the close  
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,  
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not !  
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke  
An eyebrow ; next compose a straggling lock ;  
Then, with an air most gracefully perform'd,  
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,  
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,  
With handkerchief in hand depending low :  
The better hand, more busy, gives the nose  
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye  
With opera-glass, to watch the moving scene,  
And recognise the slow retiring fair.—  
Now this is fulsome ; and offends me more  
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect  
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind  
May be indifferent to her house of clay,  
And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;

But how a body so fantastic, trim,  
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,  
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;  
To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
Pathetic exhortation ; and to address  
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,  
When sent with God's commission to the heart !  
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip  
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,  
And I consent you take it for your text,  
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.  
No : he was serious in a serious cause,  
And understood too well the weighty terms  
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop  
To conquer those, by jocular exploits,  
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

O Popular Applause ! what heart of man  
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?  
The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;  
But, swell'd into a gust—who then, alas !  
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,  
And, therefore, heedless, can withstand thy power ?  
Praise from the rivel'd lips of toothless, bald  
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean  
And craving Poverty, and in the bow  
Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,  
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb  
The bias of the purpose. How much more,

Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,  
In language soft as Adoration breathes ?  
Ah, spare your idol ! think him human still.  
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too !  
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source  
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,  
Drew from the stream below. More favour'd, we  
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.  
To them it flowed much mingled and defiled  
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams  
Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,  
But falsely. Sages after sages strove  
In vain to filter off a crystal draught  
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced  
The thirst, than slaked it, and not seldom bred  
Intoxication and delirium wild.  
In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth  
And spring-time of the world ; ask'd, Whence is man ?  
Why form'd at all ? and wherefore as he is ?  
Where must he find his Maker ? with what rites  
Adore him ? Will He hear, accept, and bless ?  
Or does He sit regardless of His works ?  
Has man within him an immortal seed ?  
Or does the tomb take all ? If he survive  
His ashes, where ? and in what weal or woe ?  
Knots worthy of solution, which alone  
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague  
And all at random, fabulous and dark,  
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,  
Defective and unsanction'd, proved too weak  
To bind the roving appetite, and lead  
Blind Nature to a God not yet reveal'd.  
'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,



Explains all mysteries except her own,  
And so illuminates the path of life,  
That fools discover it, and stray no more.  
Now tell me, dignified and sapient Sir,  
My man of morals, nurtured in the shades  
Of Academus—is this false or true ?  
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools ?  
If Christ, then why resort, at every turn,  
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short  
Of man's occasions, when in Him reside  
Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store ?  
How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,  
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully preach'd !  
Men that, if now alive, would sit content  
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,  
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,  
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too !

And thus it is.—The pastor, either vain  
By nature, or by flattery made so, taught  
To gaze at his own splendour, and to exalt  
Absurdly, not his office, but himself ;  
Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn ;  
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach ;  
Perverting often by the stress of lewd  
And loose example, whom he should instruct ;  
Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,  
The noblest function, and discredits much  
The brightest truths that man has ever seen.  
For ghostly counsel ; if it either fall  
Below the exigence, or be not back'd  
With show of love, at least with hopeful proof  
Of some sincerity on the giver's part ;  
Or be dishonour'd, in the exterior form  
And mode of its conveyance, by such tricks

As move derision, or by foppish airs  
And histrionic mummery, that let down  
The pulpit to the level of the stage ;  
Drops from the lips, a disregarded thing.  
The weak, perhaps, are moved, but are not taught,  
While prejudice in men of stronger minds  
Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.  
A relaxation of religion's hold  
Upon the roving and untutor'd heart  
Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapp'd,  
The laity run wild.—But do they now ?  
Note their extravagance, and be convinced.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive  
A wooden one ; so we, no longer taught  
By monitors that mother church supplies,  
Now make our own. Posterity will ask  
(If e'er posterity see verse of mine)  
Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,  
What was a monitor in George's days ?  
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,  
Of whom I needs must augur better things,  
Since Heaven would sure grow weary of a world  
Productive only of a race like ours,  
A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin.  
We wear it at our backs. There, closely braced  
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard  
The prominent and most unsightly bones,  
And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use  
Sovereign and most effectual to secure  
A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,  
From rickets and distortion, else our lot.  
But thus admonish'd, we can walk erect—  
One proof at least of manhood ! while the friend  
Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.

Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,  
And by caprice as multiplied as his,  
Just please us while the fashion is at full,  
But change with every moon. The sycophant,  
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date ;  
Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye ;  
Finds one ill made, another obsolete,  
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived ;  
And, making prize of all that he condemns,  
With our expenditure defrays his own.  
Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavour. We have run  
Through every change that Fancy, at the loom  
Exhausted, has had genius to supply ;  
And, studious of mutation still, discard  
A real elegance, a little used,  
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.  
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys  
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,  
And keeps our larder lean ; puts out our fires ;  
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,  
Where peace and hospitality might reign.  
What man that lives, and that knows how to live,  
Would fail to exhibit at the public shows  
A form as splendid as the proudest there,  
Though appetite raise outcries at the cost ?  
A man o' the town dines late, but soon enough,  
With reasonable forecast and dispatch,  
To ensure a side-box station at half price.  
You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress,  
His daily fare as delicate. Alas !  
He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems  
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet !  
The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws

With magic wand. So potent is the spell,  
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,  
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.  
There we grow early grey, but never wise ;  
There form connexions, but acquire no friend ;  
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success ;  
Waste youth in occupations only fit  
For second childhood, and devote old age  
To sports which only childhood could excuse.  
There they are happiest, who dissemble best  
Their weariness ; and they the most polite,  
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,  
Though at their own destruction. She that asks  
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,  
And hates their coming. They (what can they less ?)  
Make just reprisals ; and with cringe and shrug,  
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.  
All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace,  
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,  
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,  
To her who, frugal only that her thrift  
May feed excesses she can ill afford,  
Is hackney'd home unlackey'd ; who, in haste  
Alighting, turns the key in her own door,  
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,  
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.  
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives, •  
On Fortune's velvet altar offering up  
Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe  
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far  
Than all that held their routs in Juno's heaven.—  
So fare we in this prison-house—the world ;  
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see  
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.

They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,  
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,  
Then shake them in despair, and dance again !

Now basket up the family of plagues  
That waste our vitals ; peculation, sale  
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds  
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,  
By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen  
As the necessities their authors feel ;  
Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat  
At the right door. Profusion is the sire.  
Profusion unrestrain'd, with all that's base  
In character, has litter'd all the land,  
And bred, within the memory of no few,  
A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,  
A people, such as never was till now.  
It is a hungry vice :—it eats up all  
That gives society its beauty, strength,  
Convenience, and security, and use :  
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd  
And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws  
Can seize the slippery prey : unties the knot  
Of union, and converts the sacred band  
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.  
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts  
Of grossest nature, and of worst effects,  
Prepares it for its ruin : hardens, blinds,  
And warps the consciences of public men,  
Till they can laugh at Virtue ; mock the fools  
That trust them ; and in the end disclose a face  
That would have shock'd Credulity herself,  
Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse—  
Since all alike are selfish, why not they ?

This does Profusion, and the accursed cause  
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,  
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,  
Were precious, and inculcated with care,  
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,  
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,  
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,  
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.  
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile  
Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech was heard  
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.  
The occupation dearest to his heart  
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke  
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,  
That blush'd at its own praise ; and press the youth  
Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew  
Beneath his care a thriving, vigorous plant ;  
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held  
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.  
If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,  
That one among so many overleap'd  
The limits of control, his gentle eye  
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke :  
His frown was full of terror, and his voice  
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe  
As left him not till penitence had won  
Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.  
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,  
Declined, at length, into the vale of years :  
A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye  
Was quench'd in rheums of age ; his voice, unstrung,  
Grew tremulous, and moved derision more  
Than reverence in perverse, rebellious youth.

So colleges and halls neglected much  
Their good old friend ; and Discipline at length,  
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.  
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,  
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene  
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,  
His cap well-lined with logic not his own,  
With parrot-tongue perform'd the scholar's part,  
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.  
Then compromise had place, and scrutiny  
Became stone blind ; precedence went in truck,  
And he was competent whose purse was so.  
A dissolution of all bonds ensued ;  
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth  
Of headstrong youth were broken ; bars and bolts  
Grew rusty by disuse ; and massy gates  
Forgot their office, opening with a touch ;  
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,  
The tassell'd cap and the spruce band a jest,  
A mockery of the world ! What need of these  
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,  
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oftener seen  
With belted waist, and pointers at their heels,  
Than in the bounds of duty ? What was learn'd,  
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot ;  
And such expense as pinches parents blue,  
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,  
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports  
And vicious pleasures ; buys the boy a name  
That sits a stigma on his father's house,  
And cleaves through life inseparably close  
To him that wears it. What can after-games  
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,  
The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,

Add to such erudition, thus acquired,  
Where science and where virtue are profess'd ?  
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast  
His folly, but to spoil him is a task  
That bids defiance to the united powers  
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.  
Now blame we most the nurselings or the nurse ?  
The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,  
Through want of care ; or her, whose winking eye  
And slumbering oscitancy mars the brood ?  
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,  
She needs herself correction ; needs to learn  
That it is dangerous sporting with the world,  
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,  
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once—  
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,  
A man of letters, and of manners too !  
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears  
When gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles.  
He graced a college,\* in which order yet  
Was sacred ; and was honour'd, loved, and wept,  
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.  
Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd  
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste  
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst  
With such a zeal to be what they approve,  
That no restraints can circumscribe them more  
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.  
Nor can example hurt them : what they see  
Of vice in others but enhancing more

\* Bene't Coll. Cambridge.



The charms of virtue in their just esteem.  
If such escape contagion, and emerge  
Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,  
And give the world their talents and themselves,  
Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth  
Exposed their inexperience to the snare,  
And left them to an undirected choice.

See, then, the quiver broken and decay'd,  
In which are kept our arrows ! Rusting there  
In wild disorder, and unfit for use ;  
What wonder, if, discharged into the world,  
They shame their shooters with a random flight,  
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine !  
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war,  
With such artillery arm'd. Vice parries wide  
The undreaded volley with a sword of straw,  
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not track'd the felon home, and found  
His birthplace and his dam ? The country mourns,  
Mourns because every plague that can infest  
Society, and that saps and worms the base  
Of the edifice, that Policy has raised,  
Swarms in all quarters ; meets the eye, the ear,  
And suffocates the breath, at every turn.  
Profusion breeds them ; and the cause itself  
Of that calamitous mischief has been found :  
Found, too, where most offensive, in the skirts  
Of the robed pedagogue ! Else let the arraign'd  
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.  
So when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm,  
And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,  
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,  
Polluting Egypt : gardens, fields, and plains

Were cover'd with the pest ; the streets were fill'd ;  
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook ;  
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scaped ;  
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.





# **THE TASK.**

## **BOOK III.—THE GARDEN.**

## ARGUMENT.

Self-recollection and reproof. Address to domestic happiness. Some account of myself. The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise. Justification of my censures. Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher. The question, What is truth ? answered by other questions. Domestic happiness addressed again. Few lovers of the country. My tame hare. Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden. Pruning. Framing. Greenhouse. Sowing of flower seeds. The country preferable to the town, even in the winter. Reasons why it is deserted at that season. Ruinous effects of gaming, and of expensive improvement. Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.



## THE TASK.

### BOOK III.—THE GARDEN.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes  
Entangled, winds now this way and now that  
His devious course uncertain, seeking home ;  
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd  
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough  
Plunging, and half despairing of escape ;  
If chance at length he find a greensward smooth  
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,

He cherups brisk his ear-erecting steed,  
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease ;  
So I, designing other themes, and call'd  
To adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,  
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,  
Have rambled wide : in country, city, seat  
Of academic fame (howe'er deserved),  
Long held, and scarcely disengaged at last.  
But now with pleasant pace a cleanlier road  
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,  
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,  
If toil await me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and sounding boards reflect  
Most part an empty ineffectual sound,  
What chance that I, to fame so little known,  
Nor conversant with men or manners much,  
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope  
Crack the satiric thong ? 'Twere wiser far  
For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,  
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,  
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,  
My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains ;  
Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft  
And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air  
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth ;  
There, undisturb'd by Folly, and apprized  
How great the danger of disturbing her,  
To muse in silence, or at least confine  
Remarks, that gall so many, to the few  
My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd  
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault  
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall !

Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,  
Or tasting long enjoy thee ! too infirm,  
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets  
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect  
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup ;  
Thou art the nurse of Virtue ! in thine arms  
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,  
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.  
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,  
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist  
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm  
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support ;  
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,  
And finding, in the calm of truth-tried love,  
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.  
Forsaking thee what shipwreck have we made  
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown !  
Till prostitution elbows us aside  
In all our crowded streets ; and senates seem  
Convened for purposes of empire less,  
Than to release the adult'ress from her bond.  
The adult'ress ! what a theme for angry verse !  
What provocation to the indignant heart,  
That feels for injured love ! but I disdain  
The nauseous task, to paint her as she is,  
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame !  
No :—let her pass, and, charioted along  
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways ;  
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white,  
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,  
Whom matrons now of character unsmirch'd,  
And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.  
Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,  
Not to be pass'd : and she that had renounced



Her sex's honour, was renounced herself  
By all that prized it; not for prudery's sake,  
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.  
'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif,  
Desirous to return, and not received :  
But was a wholesome rigour in the main,  
And taught the unblemish'd to preserve with care  
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.  
Men, too, were nice of honour in those days,  
And judged offenders well. Then he that sharp'd,  
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,  
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold  
His country, or was slack when she required  
His every nerve in action and at stretch,  
Paid, with the blood that he had basely spared,  
The price of his default. But now—yes, now—  
We are become so candid and so fair,  
So liberal in construction, and so rich  
In Christian charity (good-natured age !),  
That they are safe, sinners of either sex,  
Transgress what laws they may. Well-dress'd, well-bred,  
Well-equipped, is ticket good enough  
To pass us readily through every door.  
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may  
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet),  
May claim this merit still—that she admits  
The worth of what she mimics with such care,  
And thus gives virtue indirect applause ;  
But she has burnt her mask, not needed here,  
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts  
And specious semblances have lost their use.  
I was a stricken deer, that left the herd  
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd  
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
There was I found by One who had himself  
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,  
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.  
With gentle force soliciting the darts,  
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.  
Since then, with few associates, in remote  
And silent woods I wander, far from those  
My former partners of the peopled scene ;  
With few associates, and not wishing more.  
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,  
With other views of men and manners now  
Than once, and others of a life to come.  
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray  
Each in his own delusions ; they are lost  
In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd  
And never won. Dream after dream ensues ;  
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,  
And still are disappointed. Rings the world  
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,  
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,  
And find the total of their hopes and fears  
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay  
As if created, only like the fly  
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,  
To sport their season, and be seen no more.  
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,  
And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.  
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats  
Of heroes little known ; and call the rant  
A history : describe the man, of whom  
His own coevals took but little note,  
And paint his person, character, and views,  
As they had known him from his mother's womb.

They disentangle from the puzzled skein,  
In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,  
The threads of politic and shrewd design,  
That ran through all his purposes, and charge  
His mind with meanings that he never had,  
Or, having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore  
The solid earth, and from the strata there  
Extract a register, by which we learn,  
That He who made it, and reveal'd its date  
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.  
Some, more acute, and more industrious still,  
Contrive creation; travel Nature up  
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,  
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fix'd,  
And planetary some; what gave them first  
Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.  
Great contest follows, and much learned dust  
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,  
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend  
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp  
In playing tricks with Nature, giving laws  
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.  
Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums  
Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight  
Of oracles like these? Great pity too,  
That, having wielded the elements, and built  
A thousand systems, each in his own way,  
They should go out in fume, and be forgot?  
Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they  
But frantic who thus spend it? all for smoke—  
Eternity for bubbles proves, at last,  
A senseless bargain. When I see such games  
Play'd by the creatures of a power, who swears  
That He will judge the earth, and call the fool

To a sharp reckoning, that has lived in vain ;  
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,  
And prove it in the infallible result  
So hollow and so false—I feel my heart  
Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,  
If this be learning, most of all deceived.  
Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps,  
While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.  
Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,  
From reveries so airy, from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up !

'Twere well, says one sage erudite, profound,  
Terribly arch'd, and aquiline his nose,  
And overbuilt with most impending brows,—  
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live  
As the world pleases : what's the world to you ?  
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk,  
As sweet as charity, from human breasts.  
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,  
And exercise all functions of a man.  
How then should I and any man that lives  
Be strangers to each other ? Pierce my vein,  
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,  
And catechise it well ; apply thy glass,  
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood  
Congenial with thine own : and, if it be,  
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose  
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,  
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which  
One common Maker bound me to the kind ?  
True ; I am no proficient, I confess,  
In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift  
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,

And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath ;  
I cannot analyse the air, nor catch  
The parallax of yonder luminous point,  
That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss :  
Such powers I boast not, neither can I rest  
A silent witness of the headlong rage,  
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,  
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.

God never meant that man should scale the Heavens  
By strides of human wisdom, in His works,  
Though wondrous : He commands us in His word  
To seek Him rather, where His mercy shines.  
The mind, indeed, enlighten'd from above,  
Views Him in all ; ascribes to the grand cause  
The grand effect ; acknowledges with joy  
His manner, and with rapture tastes His style.  
But never yet did philosophic tube,  
That brings the planets home into the eye  
Of Observation, and discovers, else  
Not visible, His family of worlds,  
Discover Him that rules them ; such a veil  
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,  
And dark in things divine. Full often, too,  
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn  
Of Nature, overlooks her Author more ;  
From instrumental causes proud to draw  
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.  
But if His word once teach us, shoot a ray  
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal  
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,  
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptized  
In the pure fountain of eternal love,  
Has eyes indeed ; and, viewing all she sees  
As meant to indicate a God to man,

Gives *Him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.  
Learning has borne such fruit, in other days,  
On all her branches ; piety has found  
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer  
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dew.  
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage !  
Sagacious reader of the works of God,  
And in His word sagacious. Such too thine,  
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,  
And fed on manna ! And such thine, in whom  
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,  
Immortal Hale ! for deep discernment praised,  
And sound integrity, not more than famed  
For sanctity of manners undefiled.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades  
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind ;  
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.  
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,  
And we, that worship him, ignoble graves.  
Nothing is proof against the general curse  
Of vanity, that seizes all below.  
The only amaranthine flower on earth  
Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure, truth.  
But what is truth ? 'Twas Pilate's question put  
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.  
And wherefore ? Will not God impart His light  
To them that ask it ?—Freely—'tis His joy,  
His glory, and His nature to impart.  
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,  
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.  
What's that which brings contempt upon a book,  
And him who writes it, though the style be neat,  
The method clear, and argument exact ?—  
That makes a minister in holy things

The joy of many, and the dread of more,  
His name a theme for praise and for reproach?—  
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,  
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?  
What pearl is it, that rich men cannot buy,  
That learning is too proud to gather up;  
But which the poor, and the despised of all,  
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?  
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.

O friendly to the best pursuits of man,  
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,  
Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd!  
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;  
Though many boast thy favours, and affect  
To understand and choose thee for their own.  
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,  
E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,  
Though placed in Paradise (for earth has still  
Some traces of her youthful beauty left),  
Substantial happiness for transient joy.  
Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse  
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,  
By every pleasing image they present,  
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,  
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind;  
Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight  
To fill with riot, and defile with blood.  
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes  
We persecute, annihilate the tribes  
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale,  
Fearless, and rapt away from all his cares;  
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,  
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;  
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,

Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreats ;  
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,  
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,  
Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,  
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town !  
*They* love the country, and none else, who seek  
For their own sake its silence, and its shade.  
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart  
Susceptible of pity, or a mind  
Cultured, and capable of sober thought,  
For all the savage din of the swift pack,  
And clamours of the field ?—Detested sport,  
That owes its pleasures to another's pain ;  
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks  
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued  
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,  
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs !  
Vain tears, alas ! and sighs that never find  
A corresponding tone in jovial souls !  
Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare  
Has never heard the sanguinary yell  
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.  
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,  
Whom ten long years' experience of my care  
Has made at last familiar ; she has lost  
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,  
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.  
Yes—thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand  
That feeds thee ; thou may'st frolic on the floor  
At evening, and at night retire secure  
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd ;  
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledged  
All that is human in me to protect  
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.



If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave ;  
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,  
I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

How various his employments, whom the world  
Calls idle ; and who justly in return  
Esteems that busy world an idler too !  
Friends, books, a garden, and, perhaps, his pen,  
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,  
And Nature in her cultivated trim  
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—  
Can he want occupation, who has these ?  
Will he be idle, who has much to enjoy ?  
Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,  
Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,  
Not waste it, and aware that human life  
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,  
When He shall call His debtors to account,  
From whom are all our blessings, business finds  
E'en here : while sedulous I seek to improve,  
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,  
The mind He gave me ; driving it, though slack  
Too oft, and much impeded in its work  
By causes not to be divulged in vain,  
To its just point—the service of mankind.  
He that attends to his interior self,  
That has a heart and keeps it ; has a mind  
That hungers, and supplies it ; and who seeks  
A social, not a dissipated life,  
Has business ; feels himself engaged to achieve  
No unimportant, though a silent, task.  
A life all turbulence and noise, may seem,  
To him that leads it, wise, and to be praised ;  
But wisdom is a pearl with most success  
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.

He that is ever occupied in storms,  
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,  
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the self-sequester'd man  
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.  
Whether inclement seasons recommend  
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,  
With her who shares his pleasures and his heart,  
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph  
Which neatly she prepares ; then to his book  
Well chosen, and not sullenly perused  
In selfish silence, but imparted oft,  
As aught occurs, that she may smile to hear,  
Or turn to nourishment, digested well.  
Or if the garden with its many cares,  
All well repaid, demand him, he attends  
The welcome call, conscious how much the hand  
Of lubbard Labour needs his watchful eye,  
Oft loitering lazily, if not o'erseen,  
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.  
Nor does he govern only or direct,  
But much performs himself. No works, indeed,  
That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil,  
Servile employ ; but such as may amuse,  
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.  
Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees  
That meet (no barren interval between),  
With pleasure more than e'en their fruits afford ;  
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel.  
These, therefore, are his own peculiar charge ;  
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,  
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,  
Distemper'd, or has lost prolific powers,  
Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand

Dooms to the knife : nor does he spare the soft  
 And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,  
 But barren, at the expense of neighbouring twigs  
 Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick  
 With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left  
 That may disgrace his art, or disappoint  
 Large expectation, he disposes neat  
 At measured distances, that air and sun,  
 Admitted freely, may afford their aid,  
 And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.  
 Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,  
 And hence e'en Winter fills his wither'd hand  
 With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own.\*  
 Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd,  
 And wise precaution, which a clime so rude  
 Makes needful still ; whose Spring is but the child  
 Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods  
 Discovering much the temper of her sire.  
 For oft, as if in her the stream of mild  
 Maternal nature had reversed its course,  
 She brings her infants forth with many smiles ;  
 But, once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.  
 He, therefore, timely warn'd himself, supplies  
 Her want of care, screening and keeping warm  
 The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep  
 His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft  
 As the Sun peeps, and vernal airs breathe mild,  
 The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,  
 And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.  
 To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,  
 So grateful to the palate, and when rare  
 So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—

\* "Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma."—VIRG.

Food for the vulgar merely—is an art  
That toiling ages have but just matured,  
And at this moment unassay'd in song.  
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,  
Their eulogy : those sang the Mantuan Bard,  
And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains ;  
And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye  
The solitary shilling. Pardon, then,  
Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame !  
The ambition of one meaner far, whose powers,  
Presuming an attempt not less sublime,  
Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste  
Of critic appetite, no sordid fare,  
A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.

The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,  
Impregnated with quick-fermenting salts,  
And potent to resist the freezing blast :  
For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf,  
Deciduous, and when now November dark  
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant  
Exposed to his cold breath, the task begins.  
Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed,  
He seeks a favour'd spot ; that where he builds  
The agglomerated pile his frame may front  
The Sun's meridian disk, and at the back  
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge  
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread  
Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe  
The ascending damps ; then leisurely impose,  
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand  
From the full fork, the saturated straw.  
What longest binds the closest, forms secure  
The shapely side, that, as it rises, takes,  
By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,

Sheltering the base with its projected eaves ;  
The uplifted frame, compact at every joint,  
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,  
He settles next upon the sloping mount,  
Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure  
From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls.  
He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.  
Thrice must the voluble and restless earth  
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,  
Slow gathering in the midst, through the square mass  
Diffused, attain the surface : when, behold !  
A pestilent and most corrosive steam,  
Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast,  
And fast condensed upon the dewy sash,  
Asks egress ; which obtain'd, the overcharged  
And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad,  
In volumes wheeling slow, the vapour dank ;  
And, purified, rejoices to have lost  
Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage  
The impatient fervour, which it first conceives  
Within its reeking bosom, threatening death  
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.  
Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft  
The way to glory by miscarriage foul,  
Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch  
The auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat,  
Friendly to vital motion, may afford  
Soft fomentation, and invite the seed.  
The seed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,  
And glossy, he commits to pots of size  
Diminutive, well fill'd with well-prepared  
And fruitful soil, that has been treasured long,  
And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds.  
These on the warm and genial earth, that hides

The smoking manure, and o'erspreads it all,  
He places lightly, and, as time subdues  
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep  
In the soft medium, till they stand immersed.  
Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick,  
And spreading wide their spongy lobes ; at first  
Pale, wan, and livid ; but assuming soon,  
If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air,  
Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green.  
Two leaves produced, two rough indented leaves,  
Cautious he pinches from the second stalk  
A pimple, that portends a future sprout,  
And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed  
The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish ;  
Prolific all, and harbingers of more.  
The crowded roots demand enlargement now,  
And transplantation in an ampler space.  
Indulged in what they wish, they soon supply  
Large foliage, overshadowing golden flowers,  
Blown on the summit of the apparent fruit.  
These have their sexes ! and, when summer shines,  
The bee transports the fertilizing meal  
From flower to flower, and e'en the breathing air  
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use.  
Not so when winter scowls. Assistant Art  
Then acts in Nature's office, brings to pass  
The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.  
Grudge not, ye rich (since Luxury must have  
His dainties, and the world's more numerous half  
Lives by contriving delicacies for you),  
Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,  
The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,  
That, day and night, are exercised, and hang  
Upon the ticklish balance of suspense,

That ye may garnish your profuse regales  
With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns.  
Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart  
The process. Heat and cold, and wind and steam,  
Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming flies,  
Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work  
Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,  
And which no care can obviate. It were long,  
Too long, to tell the expedients and the shifts,  
Which he that fights a season so severe  
Devises, while he guards his tender trust ;  
And oft, at last, in vain. The learn'd and wise,  
Sarcastic, would exclaim, and judge the song  
Cold as its theme, and, like its theme, the fruit  
Of too much labour, worthless when produced.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too.  
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,  
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,  
While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.  
The spiry myrtle, with unwithering leaf,  
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast  
Of Portugal and western India there,  
The ruddier orange and the paler lime,  
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,  
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.  
The amomum there with intermingling flowers  
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts  
Her crimson honours ; and the spangled beau,  
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.  
All plants, of every leaf, that can endure  
The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,  
Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,  
Levantine regions these ; the Azores send  
Their jessamine, her jessamine remote

Caffraia : foreigners from many lands,  
They form one social shade, as if convened  
By magic summons of the Orphean lyre.  
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass  
But by a master's hand, disposing well  
The gay diversities of leaf and flower,  
Must lend its aid to illustrate all their charms,  
And dress the regular yet various scene.  
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van  
The dwarfish, in the rear retired, but still  
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.  
So once were ranged the sons of ancient Rome,  
A noble show ! while Roscius trod the stage ;  
And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,  
The sons of Albion ; fearing each to lose  
Some note of Nature's music from his lips,  
And covetous of Shakspeare's beauty, seen  
In every flash of his far-beaming eye.  
Nor taste alone and well-contrived display  
Suffice to give the marshall'd ranks the grace  
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains  
Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,  
And more laborious ; cares on which depends  
Their vigour, injured soon, not soon restored.  
The soil must be renew'd, which, often wash'd,  
Loses its treasure of salubrious salts,  
And disappoints the roots ; the slender roots  
Close interwoven where they meet the vase  
Must smooth be shorn away ; the sapless branch  
Must fly before the knife ; the wither'd leaf  
Must be detach'd, and, where it strews the floor,  
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else  
Contagion, and disseminating death.  
Discharge but these kind offices (and who



Would spare, that loves them, offices like these ?)  
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleased,  
The scent regaled ; each odoriferous leaf,  
Each opening blossom, freely breathes abroad  
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.

So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,  
All healthful, are the employs of rural life,  
Reiterated as the wheel of time  
Runs round ; still ending, and beginning still.  
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,  
That, softly swell'd and gaily dress'd, appears  
A flowery island, from the dark green lawn  
Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due  
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.  
Here, also, grateful mixture of well-match'd  
And sorted hues (each giving each relief,  
And by contrasted beauty shining more)  
Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous spade,  
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home ;  
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,  
And most attractive, is the fair result  
Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.  
Without it, all is Gothic as the scene  
To which the insipid citizen resorts  
Near yonder heath ; where Industry mispent,  
But proud of his uncouth, ill-chosen task,  
Has made a Heaven on earth ; with suns and moons  
Of close-ramm'd stones has charged the encumber'd soil,  
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.  
He, therefore, who would see his flowers disposed  
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives  
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,  
Forecasts the future whole ; that when the scene  
Shall break into its preconceived display,



Each for itself, and all as with one voice  
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.  
Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd  
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.  
Few self-supported flowers endure the wind  
Uninjured, but expect the upholding aid  
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and, neatly tied,  
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age,

For interest sake, the living to the dead.  
Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffused  
And lowly creeping, modest, and yet fair,  
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen :  
Some, more aspiring, catch the neighbour shrub  
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,  
Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon  
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well  
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.  
All hate the rank society of weeds,  
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust  
The impoverish'd earth ; an overbearing race,  
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,  
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

O blest seclusion from a jarring world,  
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys ! Retreat  
Cannot, indeed, to guilty man restore  
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past ;  
But it has peace, and much secures the mind  
From all assaults of evil ; proving still  
A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease  
By vicious Custom, raging uncontroll'd  
Abroad, and desolating public life.  
When fierce Temptation, seconded within  
By traitor Appetite, and arm'd with darts  
Temper'd in hell, invades the throbbing breast,  
To combat may be glorious, and success  
Perhaps may crown us ; but to fly is safe.  
Had I the choice of sublunary good,  
What could I wish, that I possess not here ?  
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,  
No loose or wanton, though a wandering, Muse,  
And constant occupation without care.  
Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss ;

Hopeless, indeed, that dissipated minds,  
And profligate abusers of a world  
Created fair so much in vain for them,  
Should seek the guiltless joys that I describe,  
Allured by my report : but sure no less,  
That self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize,  
And, what they will not taste, must yet approve.  
What we admire we praise ; and, when we praise,  
Advance it into notice, that, its worth  
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.  
I, therefore, recommend, though at the risk  
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,  
The cause of piety, and sacred truth,  
And virtue, and those scenes which God ordain'd  
Should best secure them, and promote them most ;  
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive  
Forsaken, or through folly not enjoy'd.  
Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her smiles,  
And chaste, though unconfined, whom I extol.  
Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd,  
Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth,  
To grace the full pavilion. His design  
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,  
Which all might view with envy, none partake.  
My charmer is not mine alone ; my sweets,  
And she that sweetens all my bitters too,  
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form  
And lineaments divine I trace a hand  
That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,  
Is free to all men—universal prize.  
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want  
Admirers, and be destined to divide  
With meaner objects e'en the few she finds !  
Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers,

She loses all her influence. Cities, then,  
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines  
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.  
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed  
By roses ; and clear suns, though scarcely felt ;  
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure  
From clamour, and whose very silence charms ;  
To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse,  
That metropolitan volcanoes make,  
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long ;  
And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,  
And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels ?  
They would be, were not madness in the head,  
And folly in the heart ; were England now,  
What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,  
And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell  
To all the virtues of those better days,  
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once  
Knew their own masters ; and laborious hinds,  
Who had survived the father, served the son.  
Now the legitimate and rightful lord  
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,  
And soon to be supplanted. He that saw  
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,  
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price  
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.  
Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile,  
Then advertised, and auctioneer'd away.  
The country starves, and they that feed the o'ercharged  
And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,  
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.  
The wings that waft our riches out of sight,  
Grow on the gamester's elbows, and the alert  
And nimble motion of those restless joints,

That never tire, soon fans them all away.  
Improvement too, the idol of the age,  
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes !  
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears !  
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode  
Of our forefathers—a grave, whisker'd race,  
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,  
But in a distant spot ; where, more exposed,  
It may enjoy the advantage of the north,  
And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd  
Those naked acres to a sheltering grove.  
He speaks :—the lake in front becomes a lawn ;  
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise ;  
And streams, as if created for his use,  
Pursue the track of his directing wand,  
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,  
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades—  
E'en as he bids ! The enraptured owner smiles.  
'Tis finish'd ; and yet, finish'd as it seems,  
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,  
A mine to satisfy the enormous cost.  
Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth,  
He sighs, departs, and leaves the accomplish'd plan,  
That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day  
Labour'd, and many a night pursued in dreams,  
Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the Heaven  
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy !  
And now, perhaps, the glorious hour is come,  
When, having no stake left, no pledge to endear  
Her interests, or that gives her sacred cause  
A moment's operation on his love,  
He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal  
To serve his country. Ministerial grace  
Deals him out money from the public chest ;

Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse  
Supplies his need with a usurious loan,  
To be refunded duly when his vote,  
Well-managed, shall have earn'd its worthy price.  
O innocent, compared with arts like these,  
Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball  
Sent through the traveller's temples ! He that finds  
One drop of Heaven's sweet mercy in his cup,  
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content,  
So he may wrap himself in honest rags  
At his last gasp ; but could not for a world  
Fish up his dirty and dependant bread  
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,  
Sordid and sickening at his own success.

Ambition, avarice, penury incurr'd  
By endless riot, vanity, the lust  
Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,  
As duly as the swallows disappear,  
The world of wandering Knights and Squires to town.  
London ingulfs them all ! The shark is there,  
And the shark's prey : the spendthrift, and the leech  
That sucks him : there the sycophant, and he  
Who, with bareheaded and obsequious bows,  
Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail  
And groat per diem if his patron frown.  
The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp  
Were character'd on every statesman's door,  
" *Batter'd and bankrupt fortunes mended here.*"  
These are the charms that sully and eclipse  
The charms of Nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe  
That lean, hard-handed Poverty inflicts,  
The hope of better things, the chance to win,  
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amused,  
That at the sound of Winter's hoary wing

Unpeople all our counties of such herds  
Of fluttering, loitering, cringing, begging, loose,  
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast  
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

O thou resort and mart of all the earth,  
Checker'd with all complexions of mankind,  
And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see  
Much that I love, and more that I admire,  
And all that I abhor ; thou freckled fair,  
That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,  
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,  
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee !  
Ten righteous would have saved a city once,  
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—  
That salt preserves thee ; more corrupted else,  
And therefore, more obnoxious at this hour,  
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,  
For whom God heard His Abraham plead in vain.







# **THE TASK.**

**BOOK IV.—THE WINTER EVENING.**

## ARGUMENT.

The post comes in. The newspaper is read. The world contemplated at a distance. Address to Winter. The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones. Address to Evening. A brown study. Fall of snow in the evening. The wagoner. A poor family piece. The rural thief. Public-houses. The multitude of them censured. The farmer's daughter: what she was, what she is. The simplicity of country manners almost lost. Causes of the change. Desertion of the country by the rich. Neglect of magistrates. The militia principally in fault. The new recruit and his transformation. Reflection on bodies corporate. The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.



## THE TASK.

BOOK IV.—THE WINTER EVENING.

**HARK!** 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge  
That with its wearisome but needful length  
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the Moon  
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks ;  
News from all nations lumbering at his back.  
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,  
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destined inn ;  
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.  
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;  
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks,  
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,  
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
But O the important budget ! usher'd in  
With such heart-shaking music, who can say  
What are its tidings ? Have our troops awaked ?  
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,  
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?  
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed  
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,  
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,  
The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;  
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,  
And give them voice and utterance once again.  
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.  
Not such his evening who, with shining face,  
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed  
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,  
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage :  
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,  
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath  
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,  
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.  
This folio of four pages, happy work !  
Which not e'en critics criticise ; that holds  
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,  
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the Fair,  
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;  
What is it, but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?  
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,  
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see  
The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;  
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,  
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,  
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,  
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.  
Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft  
Meanders lubricate the course they take ;  
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved  
To engross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,  
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,  
However trivial all that he conceives.  
Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ;  
The dearth of information and good sense,  
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.

Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;  
There forests of no meaning spread the page,  
In which all comprehension wanders lost ;  
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there  
With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
The rest appears a wilderness of strange  
But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,  
And lilies for the brows of faded age,  
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,  
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,  
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,  
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,  
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world ; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;  
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates  
At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.  
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease  
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced  
To some secure and more than mortal height,  
That liberates and exempts me from them all.  
It turns submitted to my view, turns round  
With all its generations ; I behold  
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war  
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;  
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride  
And avarice that make man a wolf to man ;  
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,  
By which he speaks the language of his heart,  
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.

He travels and expatiates, as the Bee  
From flower to flower, so he from land to land ;  
The manners, customs, policy, of all  
Pay contribution to the store he gleans ;  
He sucks intelligence in every clime,  
And spreads the honey of his deep research  
At his return—a rich repast for me.  
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,  
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes  
Discover countries, with a kindred heart  
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;  
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slippery way ;  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun  
A prisoner in the yet undawning East,  
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy West ; but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse and instructive ease,  
And gathering, at short notice, in one group  
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,  
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.  
I crown thee King of intimate delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,



And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know.  
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;  
No powder'd pert proficient in the art  
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors  
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds  
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,  
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :  
But here the needle plies its busy task,  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;  
A wreath, that cannot fade, or flowers, that blow  
With most success when all besides decay.  
The Poet's or Historian's page, by one  
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;  
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,  
And in the charming strife triumphant still,  
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
On female industry : the threaded steel  
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.  
The volume closed, the customary rites  
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal ;  
Such as the mistress of the world once found  
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,  
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,  
And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
Enjoy'd, spare feast ! a radish and an egg.  
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,

Nor such as with a frown forbids the play  
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth :  
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,  
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God  
That made them an intruder on their joys,  
Start at His awful name, or deem His praise  
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,  
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,  
That calls the past to our exact review,  
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,  
The disappointed foe, deliverance found  
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored,  
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

O evenings worthy of the gods ! exclaimed  
The Sabine Bard. O evenings, I reply,  
More to be prized and coveted than yours,  
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,  
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

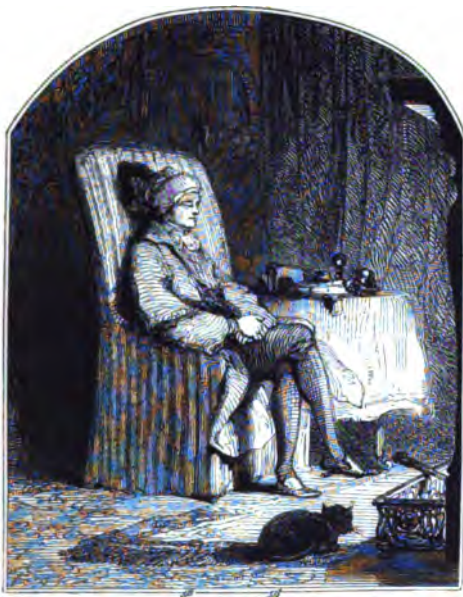
Is Winter hideous in a garb like this ?  
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,  
The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng,  
To thaw him into feeling ; or the smart  
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits  
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile ?  
The self-complacent actor, when he views  
(Stealing a side-long glance at a full house)  
The slope of faces, from the floor to the roof,  
(As if one master-spring controll'd them all),  
Relaxed into a universal grin,  
Sees not a countenance there, that speaks a joy  
Half so refined or so sincere as ours.  
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks  
That idleness has ever yet contrived

To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,  
To palliate dulness, and give time a shove.  
Time, as he passes us, has a Dove's wing,  
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound ;  
But the world's Time is Time in masquerade !  
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged  
With motley plumes ; and, where the Peacock shows  
His azure eyes, is tintured black and red  
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,  
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,  
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.  
What should be, and what was an hour-glass once,  
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mast  
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.  
Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom fashion blinds  
To his true worth, most pleased when idle most ;  
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.  
E'en misses, at whose age their mothers wore  
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress  
Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school  
Of card-devoted time, and night by night,  
Placed at some vacant corner of the board,  
Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.  
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,  
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed ?  
As he that travels far, oft turns aside  
To view some rugged rock or mouldering tower,  
Which seen delights him not ; then, coming home,  
Describes and prints it, that the world may know  
How far he went for what was nothing worth ;  
So I, with brush in hand, and pallet spread,  
With colours mixed for a far different use,  
Paint cards, and dolls, and every idle thing  
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace ;  
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !  
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,  
With matron step slow moving, while the Night  
Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd  
In letting fall the curtain of repose  
On bird and beast, the other charged for man  
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :  
Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,  
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems ;  
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,  
Suffices thee ; save that the Moon is thine  
No less than hers, not worn, indeed, on high  
With ostentatious pageantry, but set  
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,  
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.  
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,  
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift :  
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours  
To books, to music, or the poet's toil ;  
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;  
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,  
When they command, whom man was born to please,  
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze  
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied  
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,  
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk  
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,  
My pleasures, too, begin. But me, perhaps,  
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile  
With faint illumination, that uplifts  
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits  
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.

Not undelightful is an hour to me  
So spent in parlour twilight : such a gloom  
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,  
The mind contemplative, with some new theme  
Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.  
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers ;  
That never feel a stupor, know no pause,  
Nor need one ; I am conscious, and confess  
Fearless, a soul that does not always think.  
Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild  
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, towers,  
Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd  
In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.  
Nor less amused have I quiescent watch'd  
The sooty films that play upon the bars  
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view  
Of superstition, prophesying still,  
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.  
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose  
In indolent vacuity of thought,  
And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face  
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask  
Of deep deliberation, as the man  
Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.  
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour  
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,  
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home  
The recollected powers ; and snapping short  
The glassy threads with which the fancy weaves  
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.  
How calm is my recess ; and how the frost,  
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear  
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within !



I saw the woods and fields at close of day  
A variegated show ; the meadows green,  
Though faded ; and the lands, where lately waved  
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,  
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.  
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile  
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed  
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each  
His favourite herb ; while all the leafless groves  
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,

Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.  
To-morrow brings a change, a total change !  
Which even now, though silently perform'd,  
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
Of universal nature undergoes.  
Fast falls a fleecy shower : the downy flakes  
Descending, and, with never-ceasing lapse,  
Softly alighting upon all below,  
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives  
Gladly the thickening mantle ; and the green  
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,  
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none  
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,  
Without some thistly sorrow at its side ;  
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin  
Against the law of love, to measure lots  
With less distinguish'd than ourselves ; that thus  
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,  
And sympathize with others suffering more.  
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks  
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.  
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore  
By congregated loads adhering close  
To the clogg'd wheels ; and, in its sluggish pace,  
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.  
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,  
While every breath, by respiration strong  
Forced downward, is consolidated soon  
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear  
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,  
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth  
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.  
One hand secures his hat, save when with both

He brandishes his pliant length of whip,  
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.  
O happy ! and in my account denied  
That sensibility of pain with which  
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou !  
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels, indeed,  
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.  
The learned finger never need explore  
Thy vigorous pulse ; and the unhealthful east,  
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone  
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.  
Thy days roll on exempt from household care ;  
Thy wagon is thy wife ; and the poor beasts,  
That drag the dull companion to and fro,  
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.  
Ah, treat them kindly ! rude as thou appear'st,  
Yet shew that thou hast mercy ! which the great,  
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,  
Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,  
Such claim compassion in a night like this,  
And have a friend in every feeling heart.  
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long  
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,  
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.  
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights  
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,  
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.  
The few small embers left she nurses well ;  
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,  
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,  
Retires, content to quake so they be warm'd.  
The man feels least, as more inured than she  
To winter, and the current in his veins





More briskly moved by his severer toil ;  
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.  
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw  
Dangled along, at the cold finger's end,  
Just when the day declined ; and the brown loaf  
Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without sauce  
Of savory cheese, or butter costlier still ;  
Sleep seems their only refuge ; for alas,  
Where penury is felt, the thought is chain'd,  
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few !  
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care  
Ingenuous Parsimony takes, but just  
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,  
Skillet, and old carved chest, from public sale.  
They live, and live without extorted alms  
From grudging hands ; but other boast have none  
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,  
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.

I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,  
For ye are worthy ; choosing rather far  
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,  
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure  
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs  
Of knaves in office, partial in the work  
Of distribution ; liberal of their aid  
To clamorous Importunity in rags,  
But oft-times deaf to suppliants who would blush  
To wear a tatter'd garb, however coarse,  
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth :  
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused  
Because deserving, silently retire !  
But be ye of good courage ! Time itself  
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase ;  
And all your numerous progeny, well-train'd  
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,  
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want  
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,  
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.  
I mean the man, who, when the distant poor  
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth  
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe ;  
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.  
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad  
For plunder ; much solicitous how best  
He may compensate for a day of sloth  
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.  
Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge,  
Plash'd neatly, and secured with driven stakes  
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength  
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame  
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,

An ass's burden, and, when laden most  
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.  
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard  
The well-stack'd pile of riven logs and roots  
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave  
Unwrench'd the door, however well secured,  
Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps  
In unsuspecting pomp. 'Twitch'd from the perch,  
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,  
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,  
And loudly wondering at the sudden change.  
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse,  
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside  
His principle, and tempt him into sin  
For their support, so destitute. But they  
Neglected pine at home ; themselves, as more  
Exposed than others, with less scruple made  
His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.  
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst  
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts  
His every action, and imbrutes the man.  
O for a law to noose the villain's neck  
Who starves his own ; who persecutes the blood  
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates  
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love !  
Pass where we may, through city or through town,  
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,  
Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace  
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff  
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the sties  
That law has licensed, as makes Temperance reel.  
There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds  
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,  
The lackey, and the groom : the craftsman there

Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil ;  
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,  
And he that kneads the dough ; all loud alike,  
All learned, and all drunk ! The fiddle screams  
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd  
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard :  
Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme ; while she,  
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,  
Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand  
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays  
A weight of ignorance ; in that, of pride ;  
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.  
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,  
The cheek-distending oath, not to be praised  
As ornamental, musical, polite,  
Like those which modern senators employ,  
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame !  
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds,  
Once simple, are initiated in arts  
Which some may practise with politer grace,  
But none with readier skill !—'tis here they learn  
The road that leads from competence and peace  
To indigence and rapine ; till at last  
Society, grown weary of the load,  
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.  
But censure profits little : vain the attempt  
To advertise in verse a public pest,  
That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds  
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.  
The excise is fatten'd with the rich result  
Of all this riot ; and ten thousand casks,  
For ever dribbling out their base contents,  
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,  
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.

Drink, and be mad, then ! 'Tis your country bids.  
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call ;  
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats ;—  
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Would I had fallen upon those happier days  
That poets celebrate ; those golden times,  
And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,  
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.  
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts  
That felt their virtues : Innocence, it seems,  
From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves ;  
The footsteps of Simplicity, impress'd  
Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing),  
Then were not all effaced : then speech profane,  
And manners profligate, were rarely found,  
Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.  
Vain wish ! those days were never. Airy dreams  
Sat for the picture : and the poet's hand,  
Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.  
Grant it : I still must envy them an age  
That favour'd such a dream ; in days like these  
Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce,  
That to suppose a scene where she presides,  
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.  
No : we are polish'd now. The rural lass,  
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,  
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,  
So dignified, that she was hardly less  
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,  
Is seen no more. The character is lost !  
Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,  
And ribands streaming gay, superbly raised,  
And magnified beyond all human size,

Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand  
For more than half the tresses it sustains ;  
Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form  
Ill propp'd upon French heels ; she might be deem'd  
(But that the basket dangling on her arm  
Interprets her more truly) of a rank  
Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs :  
Expect her soon with footboy at her heels,  
No longer blushing for her awkward load,  
Her train and her umbrella all her care !

The town has tinged the country ; and the stain  
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,  
The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs  
Down into scenes still rural ; but, alas !  
Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now !  
Time was when in the pastoral retreat  
The unguarded door was safe ; men did not watch  
To invade another's right, or guard their own.  
Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscared  
By drunken howlings ; and the chilling tale  
Of midnight murder was a wonder, heard  
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.  
But farewell now to unsuspecting nights,  
And slumbers unalarm'd ! Now, ere you sleep,  
See that your polish'd arms be primed with care,  
And drop the night-bolt :—ruffians are abroad ;  
And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat  
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear  
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.  
E'en daylight has its dangers ; and the walk  
Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once  
Of other tenants than melodious birds,  
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.  
Lamented change ! to which full many a cause

Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.  
The course of human things from good to ill,  
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.  
Increase of power begets increase of wealth ;  
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess ;  
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague  
That seizes first the opulent, descends  
To the next rank contagious, and in time  
Taints downward all the graduated scale  
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.  
The rich, and they that have an arm to check  
The licence of the lowest in degree,  
Desert their office, and, themselves intent  
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus  
To all the violence of lawless hands  
Resign the scenes their presence might protect.  
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,  
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.  
The plump convivial parson often bears  
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays  
His reverence and his worship both to rest  
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.  
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm ;  
When he should strike he trembles ; and sets free,  
Himself enslaved by terror of the band,  
The audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.  
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,  
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove  
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside  
In lucrative concerns. Examine well  
His milk-white hand ; the palm is hardly clean—  
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.  
Foh ! 'twas a bribe that left it ! he has touch'd  
Corruption. Whoso seeks an audit here

Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,  
Wild fowl or venison ; and his errand speeds.

But faster far, and more than all the rest  
A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark  
Of public virtue, ever wish'd removed,  
Works the deplored and mischievous effect.  
'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd  
The heart of merit in the meaner class.  
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage  
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,  
Seem most at variance with all moral good,  
And incompatible with serious thought.



The clown, the child of Nature, without guile,  
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all  
But his own simple pleasures ; now and then  
A wrestling match, a foot-race, or a fair ;

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Is balloted, and trembles at the news :  
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears  
A bible-oath to be whate'er they please,  
To do he knows not what. The task perform'd,  
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,  
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.  
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,  
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,  
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,  
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,  
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,  
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well :  
He stands erect ; his slouch becomes a walk ;  
He steps right onward, martial in his air,  
His form, and movement ; is as smart above  
As meal and larded locks can make him ; wears  
His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace ;  
And, his three years of heroship expired,  
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.  
He hates the field in which no fife or drum  
Attends him ; drives his cattle to a march ;  
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.  
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—  
But, with his clumsy port, the wretch has lost  
His ignorance and harmless manners too.  
To swear, to game, to drink ; to show at home,  
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,  
The great proficiency he made abroad ;  
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends ;  
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart ;  
To be a pest where he was useful once ;  
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now.  
Man in society is like a flower  
Blown in its native bed : 'tis there alone

His faculties, expanded in full bloom,  
Shine out ; there only reach their proper use.  
But man, associated and leagued with man  
By regal warrant, or self-join'd by bond  
For interest-sake, or swarming into clans  
Beneath one head for purposes of war,  
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound  
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,  
Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd,  
Contracts defilement not to be endured.  
Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues ;  
And burghers, men immaculate, perhaps,  
In all their private functions, once combined,  
Become a loathsome body, only fit  
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.  
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin  
Against the charities of domestic life,  
Incorporated, seem at once to lose  
Their nature ; and, disclaiming all regard  
For mercy and the common rights of man,  
Build factories with blood, conducting trade  
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe  
Of innocent commercial Justice red.  
Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world  
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,  
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,  
Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,  
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught  
On principle, where foppery atones  
For folly, gallantry for every vice.

But, slighted as it is, and by the great  
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,  
Infected with the manners and the modes  
It knew not once, the country wins me still.

I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan,  
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,  
But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd  
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice  
Had found me, or the hope of being free.  
My very dreams were rural ; rural too  
The first-born efforts of my youthful Muse,  
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,  
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.  
No Bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd  
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats  
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe  
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,  
The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.  
Then Milton had, indeed, a poet's charms :  
New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd  
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue,  
To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.  
I marvell'd much that, at so ripe an age  
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first  
Engaged my wonder ; and admiring still,  
And still admiring, with regret supposed  
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.  
Thee too, enamour'd of the life I loved,  
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit  
Determined, and possessing it at last  
With transports such as favour'd lovers feel,  
I studied, prized, and wish'd that I had known,  
Ingenious Cowley ! and, though now reclaim'd  
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,  
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit  
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools ;  
I still revere thee, courtly though retired ;  
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,

Not unemploy'd ; and finding rich amends  
For a lost world in solitude and verse.  
'Tis born with all : the love of Nature's works  
Is an ingredient in the compound man,  
Infused at the creation of the kind.  
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout  
Discriminated each from each, by strokes  
And touches of His hand, with so much art  
Diversified, that two were never found  
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,  
That all discern a beauty in His works,  
And all can taste them : minds, that have been form'd  
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,  
But none without some relish, none unmoved.  
It is a flame that dies not even there,  
Where nothing feeds it : neither business, crowds,  
Nor habits of luxurious city life,  
Whatever else they smother of true worth  
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.  
The villas with which London stands begirt,  
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,  
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,  
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer  
The citizen, and brace his languid frame !  
E'en in the stifling bosom of the town,  
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms  
That soothe the rich possessor ; much consoled,  
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,  
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well  
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint,  
That Nature lives ; that sight-refreshing green  
Is still the livery she delights to wear,  
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.  
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,

The prouder sashes fronted with a range  
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,  
The Frenchman's darling ; \* are they not all proofs,  
That man, immured in cities, still retains  
His inborn inextinguishable thirst  
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss  
By supplemental shifts, the best he may ?  
The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,  
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds,  
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,  
Yet feel the burning instinct : over-head  
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,  
And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands  
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there ;  
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets  
The country, with what ardour he contrives  
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,  
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,  
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode  
Of multitudes unkown ; hail, rural life !  
Address himself who will to the pursuit  
Of honours, or emolument, or fame ;  
I shall not add myself to such a chase,  
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.  
Some must be great. Great offices will have  
Great talents. And God gives to every man  
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,  
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall  
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.  
To the deliverer of an injured land  
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart

\* Mignonette.

To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs ;  
To monarchs, dignity ; to judges, sense ;  
To artists, ingenuity and skill ;  
To me, an unambitious mind, content  
In the low vale of life, that early felt  
A wish for ease and leisure, and, ere long,  
Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd.





## **THE TASK.**

**BOOK V.—THE WINTER MORNING WALK.**



## ARGUMENT.

A frosty morning. The foddering of cattle. The woodman and his dog. The poultry. Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall. The Empress of Russia's palace of ice. Amusements of monarchs:—war, one of them. Wars, whence; and whence monarchy. The evils of it. English and French loyalty contrasted. The Bastille, and a prisoner there. Liberty the chief recommendation of this country. Modern patriotism questionable, and why. The perishable nature of the best human institutions. Spiritual liberty not perishable. The slavish state of man by nature. Deliver him, Deist, if you can. Grace must do it. The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated. Their different treatment. Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free. His relish of the works of God. Address to the Creator.



## THE TASK.

### BOOK V.—THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning ; and the Sun, with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires the horizon ; while the clouds,  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze,  
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray

Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
From every herb and every spiry blade  
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.  
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,  
In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance  
I view the muscular proportion'd limb  
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,  
As they design'd to mock me, at my side  
Take step for step ; and, as I near approach  
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,  
Preposterous sight ! the legs without the man.  
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents  
And coarser grass up-spearing o'er the rest,  
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.  
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep  
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
Their wonted fodder ; not like hungering man,  
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,  
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.  
He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,  
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,  
His broad keen knife into the solid mass :  
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
With such undeviating and even force  
He severs it away : no needless care  
Lest storms should upset the leaning pile  
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd  
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe,  
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear ;  
From morn to eve his solitary task.  
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,  
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,  
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk  
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;  
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.  
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl  
Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,  
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,  
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube  
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud  
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.  
Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring pale,  
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam  
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,  
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call  
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,  
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,  
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
The Sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves,  
To seize the fair occasion ; well they eye  
The scatter'd grain, and, thievishly resolved  
To escape the impending famine, often scared,  
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.  
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care  
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,  
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd  
To sad necessity, the Cock foregoes  
His wonted strut ; and, wading at their head,



With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent  
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.  
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer  
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,  
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now ?  
Earth yields them nought ; the imprison'd worm is safe  
Beneath the frozen clod ; all seeds of herbs

Lie covered close ; and berry-bearing thorns,  
That feed the Thrush (whatever some suppose),  
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.  
The long-protracted rigour of the year  
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes  
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,  
As instinct prompts ; self-buried ere they die.  
The very Rooks and Daws forsake the fields,  
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now  
Repay's their labour more ; and, perch'd aloft  
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,  
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,  
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,  
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.  
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,  
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,  
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight  
Lies undissolved ; while silently beneath,  
And unperceived, the current steals away.  
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps  
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,  
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below.  
No frost can bind it there. Its utmost force  
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,  
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.  
And see where it has hung the embroider'd banks  
With forms so various, that no powers of art,  
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene !  
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high  
(Fantastic misarrangement !) on the roof  
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees  
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,  
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,  
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,

And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.  
Here grotto within grotto safe defies  
The sunbeam ; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,  
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes  
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain  
The likeness of some object seen before.  
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,  
And in defiance of her rival powers ;  
By these fortuitous and random strokes  
Performing such inimitable feats  
As she, with all her rules, can never reach.  
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,  
Because a novelty, the work of man,  
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ !  
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,  
The wonder of the North. No forest fell  
When thou wouldst build ; no quarry sent its stores  
To enrich thy walls : but thou didst hew the floods,  
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.  
In such a palace Aristæus found  
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale  
Of his lost Bees to her maternal ear :  
In such a palace Poetry might place  
The armory of winter ; where his troops,  
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,  
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,  
And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,  
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.  
Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there :  
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd  
Than water interfused to make them one.  
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,

Illumined every side : a watery light  
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd  
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen  
From Heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.  
So stood the brittle prodigy ; though smooth  
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound  
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,  
That royal residence might well befit,  
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths  
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,  
Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none  
Where all was vitreous ; but, in order due,  
Convivial table and commodious seat  
(What seem'd, at least, commodious seat) were there ;  
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.  
The same lubricity was found in all :  
And all was moist to the warm touch ; a scene  
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,  
And soon to slide into a stream again.  
Alas ! 'twas but a mortifying stroke  
Of undesign'd severity, that glanced  
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,  
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.  
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show  
'Twas durable ; as worthless as it seem'd  
Intrinsically precious ; to the foot  
Treacherous and false ; it smiled, and it was cold.  
Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd  
At hewing mountains into men, and some  
At building human wonders mountain-high.  
Some have amused the dull sad years of life  
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,)  
With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought,  
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,



Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.  
Some seek diversion in the tented field,  
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.  
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well  
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands  
Of heroes whose infirm and baby minds  
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,  
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great  
Confederacy of projectors wild and vain  
Was split into diversity of tongues,  
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,  
These to the upland, to the valley those,  
God drave asunder, and assign'd their lot  
To all the nations. Ample was the boon  
He gave them, in its distribution fair  
And equal; and He bade them dwell in peace.  
Peace was awhile their care: they plough'd and sow'd,  
And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.  
But violence can never longer sleep  
Than human passions please. In every heart  
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;  
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.  
Cain had already shed a brother's blood:  
The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd  
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.  
Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line  
Of his descending progeny was found  
The first artificer of death; the shrewd  
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,  
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel  
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.  
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,

The sword and falchion their inventor claim ;  
And the first smith was the first murderer's son.  
His art survived the waters ; and, ere long,  
When man was multiplied and spread abroad  
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call  
These meadows and that range of hills his own,  
The tasted sweets of property begat  
Desire of more ; and industry in some,  
To improve and cultivate their just demesne,  
Made others covet what they saw so fair.  
Thus war began on earth : these fought for spoil,  
And those in self-defence. Savage at first  
The onset, and irregular. At length  
One eminent above the rest for strength,  
For stratagem, for courage, or for all,  
Was chosen leader ; him they served in war,  
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds  
Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare ?  
Or who so worthy to control themselves,  
As he whose prowess had subdued their foes ?  
Thus war, affording field for the display  
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,  
Which have their exigencies too, and call  
For skill in government, at length made King.  
King was a name too proud for man to wear  
With modesty and meekness ; and the crown,  
So dazzling in their eyes who set it on,  
Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound.  
It is the abject property of most,  
That, being parcel of the common mass,  
And destitute of means to raise themselves,  
They sink, and settle lower than they need.  
They know not what it is to feel within  
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps

Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,  
Almost without an effort, plans too vast  
For their conception, which they cannot move.  
Conscious of impotence, they soon grow drunk  
With gazing, when they see an able man  
Step forth to notice ; and, besotted thus,  
Build him a pedestal, and say, " Stand there,  
And be our admiration and our praise !"  
They roll themselves before him in the dust ;  
Then most deserving, in their own account,  
When most extravagant in his applause,  
As if exalting him they raised themselves.  
Thus, by degrees, self-cheated of their sound  
And sober judgment, that he is but man,  
They demi-deify and fume him so,  
That in due season he forgets it too.  
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,  
He gulps the windy diet ; and, ere long,  
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks  
The world was made in vain, if not for him.  
Thenceforth they are his cattle : drudges, born  
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,  
And sweating in his service. His caprice  
Becomes the soul that animates them all.  
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,  
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,  
An easy reckoning ; and they think the same.  
Thus Kings were first invented, and thus Kings  
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became  
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp ;  
Storks among Frogs, that have but croak'd and died.  
Strange, that such folly as lifts bloated man  
To eminence fit only for a god,  
Should ever drivel out of human lips,

E'en in the cradled weakness of the world !  
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind  
Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,  
And could discriminate and argue well  
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet  
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear  
And quake before the gods themselves had made.  
But above measure strange, that neither proof  
Of sad experience, nor examples set  
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,  
Can even now, when they are grown mature  
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds  
Familiar, serve to emancipate the rest !  
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone  
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead  
A course of long observance for its use,  
That even servitude, the worst of ills,  
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,  
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.  
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock  
Of rational discussion, that a man,  
Compounded and made up, like other men,  
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust  
And folly in as ample measure meet  
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,  
Should be a despot absolute, and boast  
Himself the only freeman of his land ?  
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,  
Wage war, with any or with no pretence  
Of provocation given, or wrong sustain'd,  
And force the beggarly last doit, by means  
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch  
Of Poverty, that thus he may procure  
His thousands, weary of penurious life,

A splendid opportunity to die ?  
Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old  
Jotham ascribed to his assembled trees  
In politic convention) put your trust  
In the shadow of a bramble, and, reclined  
In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch,  
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,  
Where find ye passive fortitude ? Whence springs  
Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good  
To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang  
His thorns with streamers of continual praise ?  
We, too, are friends to loyalty. We love  
The King who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
And reigns content with them : him we serve  
Freely and with delight who leaves us free :  
But, recollecting still that he is man,  
We trust him not too far. King though he be,  
And King in England too, he may be weak,  
And vain enough to be ambitious still ;  
May exercise amiss his proper powers,  
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :  
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,  
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,  
But not to warp or change it. We are his,  
To serve him nobly in the common cause,  
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.  
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love  
Of Kings, between your loyalty and ours.  
We love the man, the paltry pageant you :  
We, the chief patron of the commonwealth ;  
You, the regardless author of its woes :  
We, for the sake of liberty, a King ;  
You, chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.  
Our love is principle, and has its root

In reason, is judicious, manly, free ;  
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,  
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.  
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,  
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,  
I would not be a King to be beloved  
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,  
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,  
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at will  
Of a superior, he is never free.  
Who lives, and is not weary of a life  
Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.  
The state that strives for liberty, though foil'd,  
And forced to abandon what she bravely sought,  
Deserves, at least, applause for her attempt,  
And pity for her loss. But that's a cause  
Not often unsuccessful : power usurp'd  
Is weakness when opposed ; conscious of wrong,  
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.  
But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought  
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess  
All that the contest calls for ; spirit, strength,  
The scorn of danger, and united hearts ;  
The surest presage of the good they seek.\*

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more  
To France than all her losses and defeats,  
Old or of later date, by sea or land,  
Her house of bondage worse than that of old

\* The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation ; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastille.  
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts ;  
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,  
That monarchs have supplied from age to age  
With music, such as suits their sovereign ears,  
The sighs and groans of miserable men !  
There's not an English heart that would not leap  
To hear that ye were fallen at last ; to know  
That e'en our enemies, so oft employ'd  
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.  
For he, who values Liberty, confines  
His zeal for her predominance within  
No narrow bounds ; her cause engages him  
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.  
There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,  
Immured though unaccused, condemn'd untried,  
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.  
There, like the visionary emblem seen  
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,  
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,  
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.  
To count the hour-bell, and expect no change ;  
And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,  
Still to reflect that, though a joyless note  
To him whose moments all have one dull pace,  
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large  
Account it music ; that it summons some  
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball :  
The wearied hireling finds it a release  
From labour ; and the lover, who has chid  
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke  
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight :—  
To fly for refuge from distracting thought  
To such amusements as ingenious Woe

Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools ;—  
To read, engraven on the mouldy walls,  
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,  
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own :—  
To turn purveyor to an overgorged  
And bloated Spider, till the pamper'd pest  
Is made familiar, watches his approach,  
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend :—  
To wear out time in numbering to and fro  
The studs that thick emboss his iron door ;  
Then downward and then upward, then aslant  
And then alternate ; with a sickly hope  
By dint of change to give his tasteless task  
Some relish ; till the sum, exactly found  
In all directions, he begins again :—  
Oh comfortless existence ! hemm'd around  
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel  
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death ?  
That man should thus encroach on fellow man,  
Abridge him of his just and native rights,  
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold  
Upon the endearments of domestic life  
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,  
And doom him, for, perhaps, a heedless word,  
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,  
Moves indignation, makes the name of King  
(Of King whom such prerogative can please)  
As dreadful as the Manichean god,  
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.  
'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower  
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;  
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,  
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,  
Is evil : hurts the faculties, impedes



Their progress in the road of science ; blinds  
The eyesight of discovery ; and begets,  
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,  
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit  
To be the tenant of man's noble form.  
Thee, therefore, still, blameworthy as thou art,  
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed  
By public exigence, till annual food  
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,  
Thee I account still happy, and the chief  
Among the nations, seeing thou art free ;  
My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,  
Replete with vapours, and disposes much  
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :  
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft  
And plausible than social life requires,  
And thou hast need of discipline and art,  
To give thee what politer France receives  
From Nature's bounty—that humane address  
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is  
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,  
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.  
Yet being free, I love thee : for the sake  
Of that one feature can be well content,  
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,  
To seek no sublunary rest beside.  
But once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure  
Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,  
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.  
Then what were left of roughness in the grain  
Of British natures, wanting its excuse  
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust  
And shock me. I should then, with double pain,  
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime ;

And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,  
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,  
I would, at least, bewail it under skies  
Milder, among a people less austere ;  
In scenes which, having never known me free,  
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.  
Do I forebode impossible events,  
And tremble at vain dreams ? Heaven grant I may !  
But the age of virtuous politics is past,  
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.  
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,  
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes  
Deep, in his soft credulity, the stamp  
Design'd by loud declaimers on the part  
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,  
Incurs derision for his easy faith  
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough :  
For when was public virtue to be found,  
Where private was not ? Can he love the whole,  
Who loves no part ? he be a nation's friend,  
Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there ?  
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,  
Who slights the charities for whose dear sake  
That country, if at all, must be beloved ?  
'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad  
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale  
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts  
So loose to private duty, that no brain,  
Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,  
Can dream them trusty to the general weal.  
Such were not they of old, whose temper'd blades  
Dispersed the shackles of usurp'd control,  
And hew'd them link from link. Then Albion's sons  
Were sons indeed. They felt a filial heart

Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs ;  
And, shining, each in his domestic sphere,  
Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.  
'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot  
Forbids their interference, looking on,  
Anticipate perforce some dire event ;  
And, seeing the old castle of the state,  
That promised, once, more firmness, so assail'd,  
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,  
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.  
All has its date below ; the fatal hour  
Was register'd in Heaven ere time began.  
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works  
Die too : the deep foundations that we lay,  
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.  
We build with what we deem eternal rock :  
A distant age asks where the fabric stood ;  
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,  
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised,  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers  
Of earth and Hell confederate take away :  
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,  
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;  
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.  
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,  
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,  
And seal'd with the same token. It is held  
By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure  
By the unimpeachable and awful oath  
And promise of a God. His other gifts  
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His,  
And are august ; but this transcends them all.

His other works, the visible display  
Of all-creating energy and might,  
Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the word,  
That, finding an interminable space  
Unoccupied, has filled the void so well,  
And made so sparkling what was dark before.  
But these are not His glory. Man, 'tis true,  
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,  
Might well suppose the Artificer divine  
Meant it eternal, had He not Himself  
Pronounced it transient, glorious as it is,  
And, still designing a more glorious far,  
Doom'd it as insufficient for His praise.  
These, therefore, are occasional, and pass.  
Form'd for the confutation of the fool,  
Whose lying heart disputes against a God ;  
That office served, they must be swept away.  
Not so the labours of His love : they shine  
In other heavens than these that we behold,  
And fade not. There is Paradise that fears  
No forfeiture, and of its fruits He sends  
Large prelibation oft to saints below.  
Of these the first in order, and the pledge,  
And confident assurance of the rest,  
Is Liberty ; a flight into His arms,  
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,  
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,  
And full immunity from penal woe.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,  
Stripes, and a dungeon ; and his body serves  
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,  
Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.  
Propense his heart to idols, he is held  
In silly dotage on created things,

Careless of their Creator. And that low  
And sordid gravitation of his powers  
To a vile clod, so draws him with such force  
Resistless from the centre he should seek,  
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes  
Tend downward : his ambition is to sink,  
To reach a depth profounder still, and still  
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss  
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.  
But ere he gain the comfortless repose  
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul  
In Heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—  
What does he not, from lusts opposed in vain,  
And self-reproaching conscience ? He foresees  
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,  
Fortune, and dignity ; the loss of all  
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,  
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,  
Far worse than all the plagues with which his sins  
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes  
Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,  
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,  
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave ;  
But unrepealable, enduring death.  
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears :  
What none can prove a forgery, may be true ;  
What none but bad men wish exploded, must.  
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud  
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst  
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere,  
And he abhors the jest by which he shines.  
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust  
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,  
And seems dethroned and vanquish'd. Peace ensues,

But spurious and shortlived ; the puny child  
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot  
On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,  
And fights again ; but finds his best essay  
A presage ominous, portending still  
Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.  
Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd  
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,  
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now  
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause,  
Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd ;  
With shallow shifts and old devices, worn  
And tatter'd in the service of debauch,  
Covering his shame from his offended sight.

“Hath God indeed given appetites to man,  
“And stored the earth so plenteously with means  
“To gratify the hunger of his wish ;  
“And doth He reprobate, and will He damn  
“The use of His own bounty ? making first  
“So frail a kind, and then enacting laws  
“So strict, that less than perfect must despair ?  
“Falsehood ! which whoso but suspects of truth  
“Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.  
“Do they themselves, who undertake for hire  
“The teacher's office, and dispense at large  
“Their weekly dole of edifying strains,  
“Attend to their own music ? have they faith  
“In what, with such solemnity of tone  
“And gesture, they propound to our belief ?  
“Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice  
“Is but an instrument, on which the priest  
“May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,  
“The unequivocal, authentic deed,  
“We find sound argument, we read the heart.”

Such reasonings (if that name must needs belong  
 To excuses in which reason has no part)  
 Serve to compose a spirit well inclined  
 To live on terms of amity with vice,  
 And sin without disturbance. Often urged  
 (As often, as libidinous discourse  
 Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes  
 Of theological and grave import),  
 They gain at last his unreserved assent ;  
 Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge  
 Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,  
 He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,  
 Or nothing much, his constancy in ill ;  
 Vain tampering has but foster'd his disease ;  
 'Tis desperate ; and he sleeps the sleep of death.  
 Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.  
 Charm the deaf serpent wisely: Make him hear  
 Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth  
 How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,  
 Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps  
 Directly to the **FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.**  
 Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the powers  
 Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise :  
 Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,  
 And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,  
 Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.—  
 Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-sounding brass,  
 Smitten in vain ! such music cannot charm  
 The eclipse that intercepts Truth's heavenly beam,  
 And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul.  
 The *still small voice* is wanted. He must speak,  
 Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect ;  
 Who calls for things that are not, and they come.  
 Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change

That turns to ridicule the turgid speech  
And stately tone of moralists, who boast  
As if, like him of fabulous renown,  
They had, indeed, ability to smooth  
The shag of savage nature, and were each  
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song.  
But transformation of apostate man  
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,  
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,  
And He, by means in philosophic eyes  
Trivial, and worthy of disdain, achieves  
The wonder ; humanizing what is brute  
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips  
Of asps their venom, overpowering strength  
By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompence. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,  
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass  
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust :  
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,  
To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,  
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,  
Well spent in such a strife, may earn, indeed,  
And for a time ensure, to his loved land  
The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;  
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,  
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed  
In confirmation of the noblest claim,  
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
To walk with God, to be divinely free,



To soar, and to anticipate the skies.  
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,  
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,  
And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew—  
No marble tells us whither. With their names  
No Bard embalms and sanctifies his song :  
And History, so warm on meaner themes,  
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,  
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,  
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.\*

Here is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,  
Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy,  
With a propriety that none can feel  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say—" My Father made them all!"  
Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
And by an emphasis of interest his,  
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,  
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world  
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?

\* See Hume.

Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap  
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good  
In senseless riot ; but ye will not find  
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,  
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd  
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,  
Appropriates Nature as his Father's work,  
And has a richer use of yours than you.  
He is, indeed, a freeman : free by birth  
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills  
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea  
With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
His freedom is the same in every state ;  
And no condition of this changeful life,  
So manifold in cares, whose every day  
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :  
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,  
Nor penury can cripple or confine.  
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there  
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds  
His body bound, but knows not what a range  
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;  
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,  
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.  
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste  
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,  
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :  
Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,  
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight,  
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.  
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone  
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb  
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,  
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread

Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away  
From inland regions to the distant main.  
Man views it, and admires ; but rests content  
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,  
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd  
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,  
And, such well pleased to find it, asks no more.  
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from Heaven,  
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught  
To read His wonders in whose thought the world,  
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.  
Not for its own sake merely, but for His  
Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise ;  
Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,  
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once  
Its only just proprietor in Him.  
The soul that sees Him, or receives sublimed  
New faculties, or learns at least to employ  
More worthily the powers she own'd before,  
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze  
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,  
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms  
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,  
The unambiguous footsteps of the God  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds.  
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds  
With those fair ministers of light to man,  
That nightly fill the skies with silent pomp,  
Sweet conference ; inquires what strains were they  
With which Heaven rang, when every star, in haste  
To gratulate the new-created earth,  
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God  
Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,

“ That navigate a sea that knows no storms,  
“ Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
“ If from your elevation, whence ye view  
“ Distinctly scenes invisible to man,  
“ And systems of whose birth no tidings yet  
“ Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race  
“ Favour'd as ours ; transgressors from the womb,  
“ And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,  
“ And to possess a brighter Heaven than yours ?  
“ As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores,  
“ Pants to return, and when he sees afar  
“ His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks  
“ From the green wave emerging, darts an eye  
“ Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;  
“ So I, with animated hopes, behold,  
“ And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,  
“ That show like beacons in the blue abyss,  
“ Ordain'd to guide the embodied spirit home  
“ From toilsome life to never-ending rest.  
“ Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires  
“ That give assurance of their own success,  
“ And that, infused from Heaven, must thither tend.”

So reads he Nature whom the lamp of truth  
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word !  
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,  
With intellects bemazed in endless doubt,  
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,  
With means that were not till by Thee employ'd,  
Worlds that had never been, hadst Thou in strength  
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.  
They are Thy witnesses, who speak Thy power  
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears  
That hear not, or receive not their report.  
In vain Thy creatures testify of Thee,

Till Thou proclaim Thyself. Theirs is, indeed,  
A teaching voice ; but 'tis the praise of Thine,  
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,  
And with the boon gives talents for its use.  
Till Thou art heard, imaginations vain  
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,  
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death  
The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.  
We give to Chance, blind Chance, ourselves as blind,  
The glory of Thy work ; which yet appears  
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,  
Challenging human scrutiny, and proved  
Then skilful most when most severely judged.  
But Chance is not ; or is not where Thou reign'st :  
Thy Providence forbids that fickle power  
(If power she be, that works but to confound)  
To mix her wild vagaries with Thy laws.  
Yet thus we dote, refusing, while we can,  
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves  
Gods such as guilt makes welcome ; gods that sleep,  
Or disregard our follies, or that sit  
Amused spectators of this bustling stage.  
Thee we reject, unable to abide  
Thy purity, till pure as Thou art pure,  
Made such by Thee, we love Thee for that cause  
For which we shunn'd and hated Thee before.  
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,  
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven  
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.  
A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not  
Till Thou hast touch'd them ; 'tis the voice of song,  
A loud Hosanna sent from all Thy works ;  
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,  
And adds his rapture to the general praise.

In that bless'd moment Nature, throwing wide  
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile  
The Author of her beauties, who, retired  
Behind His own creation, works unseen  
By the impure, and hears His power denied.  
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
Their only point of rest, eternal Word !  
From Thee departing, they are lost, and rove  
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.  
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavour, and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
But O, Thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown !  
Give what Thou canst ; without Thee we are poor ;  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.





# **THE TASK.**

**BOOK VI.—THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.**



## ARGUMENT.

Bells at a distance: their effect. A fine noon in winter. A sheltered walk. Meditation better than books. Our familiarity with the course of Nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is. The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described. A mistake concerning the course of Nature corrected. God maintains it by an unremitted act. The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved. Animals happy, a delightful sight. Origin of cruelty to animals. That it is a great crime, proved from Scripture. That proof illustrated by a tale. A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them. Their good and useful properties insisted on. Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the Author on animals. Instances of man's extravagant praise of man. The groans of the creation shall have an end. A view taken of the restoration of all things. An invocation and an invitation of Him who shall bring it to pass. The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness. Conclusion.



## THE TASK.

### BOOK VI.—THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

**THERE is, in souls, a sympathy with sounds ;  
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased  
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave ;  
Some chord, in unison with what we hear,**

x 2

Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.  
How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !  
With easy force it opens all the cells  
Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.  
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,  
That in a few short moments I retrace  
(As in a map the voyager his course)  
The windings of my way through many years.  
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,  
It seem'd not always short ; the rugged path,  
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,  
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.  
Yet feeling present evils, while the past  
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,  
How readily we wish time spent revoked,  
That we might try the ground again where once  
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)  
We miss'd that happiness we might have found !  
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,  
A father, whose authority in show  
When most severe, and mustering all its force,  
Was but the graver countenance of love ;  
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,  
And utter now and then an awful voice,  
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,  
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.  
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand  
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allured

By every gilded folly, we renounced  
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent  
That converse which we now, in vain, regret.  
How gladly would the man recall to life  
The boy's neglected sire ! a mother too,  
That softer friend, perhaps, more gladly still,  
Might he demand them at the gates of death.  
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed  
The playful humour ; he could now endure,  
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)  
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.  
But not to understand a treasure's worth  
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,  
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
And makes the world the wilderness it is.  
The few that pray at all, pray oft amiss,  
And, seeking grace to improve the prize they hold,  
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter, in his roughest mood ;  
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,  
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;  
And through the trees I view the embattled tower  
Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.  
The roof, though moveable through all its length

As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,  
And, intercepting in their silent fall  
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd :  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice  
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.  
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his books.  
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,  
Till smooth'd, and squared, and fitted to its place,  
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.  
Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd. Some the style  
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds  
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced :  
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear  
The insupportable fatigue of thought ;

And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice,  
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.  
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course  
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,  
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,  
And lanes in which the primrose, ere her time,  
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,  
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and Truth,  
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won  
By slow solicitation, seize at once  
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can Power divine perform,  
More grand than it produces year by year,  
And all in sight of inattentive man ?  
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,  
And, in the constancy of Nature's course,  
The regular return of genial months,  
And renovation of a faded world,  
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,  
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race  
Of the undeviating and punctual Sun,  
How would the world admire ! But speaks it less  
An agency divine, to make him know  
His moment when to sink and when to rise,  
Age after age, than to arrest his course ?  
All we behold is miracle ; but, seen  
So duly, all is miracle in vain.  
Where now the vital energy that moved,  
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph  
Through the imperceptible meandering veins  
Of leaf and flower ? It sleeps ; and the icy touch  
Of unprolific winter has impress'd  
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.  
But let the months go round, a few short months,

And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,  
Barren as lances, among which the wind  
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,  
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,  
And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread,  
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.  
Then each, in its peculiar honours clad,  
Shall publish, even to the distant eye,  
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich  
In streaming gold ; syringa, ivory pure ;  
The scentless and the scented rose ; this red,  
And of an humbler growth, the other\* tall,  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf  
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;  
The lilac, various in array, now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if,  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all ;  
Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,  
But well compensating her sickly looks  
With never-cloying odours, early and late ;  
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,  
That scarce a leaf appears. Mezerion too,  
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset  
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;  
Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom,  
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,  
Her blossoms ; and, luxuriant above all,

\* The Guelder-rose.

The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf  
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more  
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.  
These have been, and these shall be in their day ;  
And all this uniform uncolour'd scene  
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,  
And flush into variety again.  
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,  
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man  
In heavenly truth ; evincing, as she makes  
The grand transition, that there lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.  
The beauties of the wilderness are His  
That makes so gay the solitary place  
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,  
That cultivation glories in, are His.  
He sets the bright procession on its way,  
And marshals all the order of the year ;  
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,  
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,  
Uninjured, with inimitable art ;  
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some say that in the origin of things,  
When all creation started into birth,  
The infant elements received a law  
From which they swerve not since. That under force  
Of that controlling ordinance they move,  
And need not His immediate hand who first  
Prescribed their course, to regulate it now.  
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God  
The encumbrance of His own concerns, and spare



The great Artificer of all that moves  
The stress of a continual act, the pain  
Of unremitted vigilance and care,  
As too laborious and severe a task.  
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,  
To span Omnipotence, and measure might  
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule  
And standard of his own, that is to day,  
And is not ere to-morrow's Sun go down.  
But how should matter occupy a charge,  
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law  
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd  
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,  
And under pressure of some conscious cause ?  
The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,  
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
Nature is but a name for an effect,  
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire  
By which the mighty process is maintain'd,  
Who sleeps not—is not weary ; in whose sight  
Slow circling ages are as transient days ;  
Whose work is without labour ; whose designs  
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts ;  
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.  
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,  
With self-taught rites, and under various names,  
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,  
And Flora, and Vertumnus ; peopling earth  
With tutelary goddesses and gods  
That were not ; and commending as they would  
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.  
But all are under one. One spirit—His  
Who bore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—  
Rules universal Nature. Not a flower

But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,  
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.  
Happy who walks with Him ! whom what he finds  
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,  
Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
In Nature, from the broad majestic Oak  
To the green blade, that twinkles in the Sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.  
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,  
Makes all still fairer. As with Him no scene  
Is dreary, so with Him all seasons please.  
Though winter had been none had man been true,  
And earth be punish'd for its tenant's sake,  
Yet not in vengeance ; as this smiling sky,  
So soon succeeding such an angry night,  
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream,  
Recovering fast its liquid music, prove.

Who, then, that has a mind well strung, and tuned  
To contemplation, and within his reach  
A scene so friendly to his favourite task,  
Would waste attention at the checker'd board,  
His host of wooden warriors to and fro  
Marching and countermarching, with an eye  
As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridged  
And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand  
Trembling, as if eternity were hung  
In balance on his conduct of a pin ?  
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport  
Who pant with application misapplied  
To trivial toys, and, pushing ivory balls



Across a velvet level, feel a joy  
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds  
Its destined goal, of difficult access.  
Nor deems he wiser him who gives his noon  
To Miss, the Mercer's plague, from shop to shop  
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks  
The polish'd counter, and approving none ;  
Or promising, with smiles, to call again.  
Nor him who, by his vanity seduced,  
And soothed into a dream that he discerns  
The difference of a Guido from a daub,  
Frequents the crowded auction : station'd there  
As duly as the Langford of the show,  
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,  
And tongue accomplish'd in the fulsome cant

And pedantry that coxcombs learn with ease ;  
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls  
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,  
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate,  
That he has let it pass—but never bids.

Here unmolested, through whatever sign  
The Sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,  
Nor freezing sky, nor sultry, checking me,  
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.  
E'en in the spring and playtime of the year,  
That calls the unwonted villager abroad  
With all her little ones, a sportive train,  
To gather Kingcups in the yellow mead,  
And prink their hair with Daisies, or to pick  
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,  
These shades are all my own. The timorous Hare,  
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,  
Scarce shuns me ; and the Stockdove, unalarm'd,  
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends  
His long love-ditty for my near approach.  
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,  
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,  
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,  
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth,  
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm Sun,  
The Squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play :  
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,  
Ascends the neighbouring beech ; there whisks his brush,  
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,  
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,  
And anger insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
For human fellowship, as being void  
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike

To love and friendship both, that is not pleased  
With sight of animals enjoying life,  
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.  
The bounding Fawn, that darts across the glade  
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,  
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee ;  
The Horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,  
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,  
Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,  
Starts to the voluntary race again ;  
The very Kine, that gambol at high noon,  
The total herd receiving first from one  
That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,  
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth  
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent  
To give such act and utterance as they may  
To ecstasy, too big to be suppress'd—  
These, and a thousand images of bliss  
With which kind Nature graces every scene  
Where cruel man defeats not her design,  
Impart to the benevolent, who wish  
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,  
A far superior happiness to theirs,  
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had risen, obedient to His call  
Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,  
When he was crown'd as never King was since.  
God set the diadem upon his head,  
And angel choirs attended. Wondering stood  
The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,  
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,  
The creatures summon'd from their various haunts  
To see their sovereign, and confess his sway.  
Vast was his empire, absolute his power,

Or bounded only by a law whose force  
'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel  
And own—the law of universal love.  
He ruled with meekness, they obey'd with joy ;  
No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,  
And no distrust of his intent in theirs.  
So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,  
Where kindness, on his part who ruled the whole,  
Begot a tranquil confidence in all,  
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.  
But sin marr'd all ; and the revolt of man,  
That source of evils not exhausted yet,  
Was punish'd with revolt of his from him.  
Garden of God, how terrible the change  
Thy groves and lawns then witness'd ! Every heart,  
Each animal, of every name, conceived  
A jealousy and an instinctive fear,  
And, conscious of some danger, either fled  
Precipitate the loathed abode of man,  
Or growl'd defiance in such angry sort,  
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.  
Thus harmony and family accord  
Were driven from Paradise ; and in that hour  
The seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd  
To such gigantic and enormous growth,  
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.  
Hence date the persecution and the pain  
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,  
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,  
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,  
Or his base gluttony, are causes good  
And just, in his account, why bird and beast  
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed  
With blood of their inhabitants impaled.

Earth groans beneath the burden of a war  
Waged with defenceless innocence, while he,  
Not satisfied to prey on all around,  
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs  
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.  
Now happiest they that occupy the scenes  
The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,  
Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,  
They fear'd, and as His perfect image loved.  
The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves.  
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,  
Unvisited by man. There they are free,  
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontroll'd ;  
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.  
Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude  
Within the confines of their wild domain :  
The Lion tells him—I am monarch here ;—  
And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms  
Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn  
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.  
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,  
Or by necessity constrain'd, they live  
Dependant upon man ; those in his fields,  
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.  
They prove too often at how dear a rate  
He sells protection. Witness at his foot  
The Spaniel dying for some venial fault,  
Under dissection of the knotted scourge ;  
Witness the patient Ox, with stripes and yells  
Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,  
To madness ; while the savage at his heels  
Laughs at the frantic sufferer's fury, spent  
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.  
He too is witness, noblest of the train

That wait on man, the flight-performing Horse ;  
With unsuspecting readiness he takes  
His murderer on his back, and, push'd all day  
With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life  
To the far distant goal, arrives and dies.  
So little mercy shows who needs so much !  
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,  
Denounce no doom on the delinquent ? None.  
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts  
(As if barbarity were high desert)  
The inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise  
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose  
The honours of his matchless Horse his own.  
But many a crime deem'd innocent on earth  
Is register'd in Heaven ; and these, no doubt,  
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.  
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never. When He charged the Jew  
To assist his foe's downfallen beast to rise ;  
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seized  
The young, to let the parent bird go free ;  
Proved He not plainly, that His meaner works  
Are yet His care, and have an interest all,  
All, in the universal Father's love ?  
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,  
The charter was conferr'd by which we hold  
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim,  
O'er all we feed on, power of life and death.  
But read the instrument, and mark it well :  
The oppression of a tyrannous control  
Can find no warrant there. Feed, then, and yield  
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,  
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute !  
The Governor of all, Himself to all



So bountiful, in whose attentive ear  
The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp  
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs  
Of hunger unassuaged, has interposed,  
Not seldom, His avenging arm, to smite  
The injurious trampler upon Nature's law,  
That claims forbearance even for a brute.  
He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart ;  
And, prophet as he was, he might not strike  
The blameless animal, without rebuke,  
On which he rode. Her opportune offence  
Saved him, or the unrelenting seer had died.  
He sees that human equity is slack  
To interfere, though in so just a cause,  
And makes the task His own. Inspiring dumb  
And helpless victims with a sense so keen  
Of injury, with such knowledge of their strength,  
And such sagacity to take revenge,  
That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man.  
An ancient, not a legendary tale,  
By one of sound intelligence rehearsed  
(If such who plead for Providence may seem  
In modern eyes), shall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, stretch'd towards the setting sun,  
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,  
Dwelt young Misagathus ; a scorner he  
Of God and goodness, Atheist in ostent,  
Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.  
He journey'd ; and his chance was, as he went,  
To join a traveller of far different note,  
Evander, famed for piety, for years  
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.  
Fame had not left the venerable man  
A stranger to the manners of the youth,

Whose face, too, was familiar to his view.  
Their way was on the margin of the land,  
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base  
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.  
The charity that warm'd his heart was moved  
At sight of the man-monster. With a smile  
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,  
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd  
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths  
Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,  
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.  
"And dost thou dream," the impenetrable man  
Exclaim'd, "that me the lullabies of age,  
"And fantasies of dotards such as thou  
"Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?  
"Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave  
"Need no such aids as superstition lends,  
"To steel their hearts against the dread of death."  
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand  
Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,  
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought  
Of such a gulf as he design'd his grave.  
But, though the felon on his back could dare  
The dreadful leap, more rational his steed  
Declined the death, and wheeling swiftly round,  
Or e'er his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,  
Baffled his rider, saved against his will.  
The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd  
By medicine well applied; but without grace  
The heart's insanity admits no cure.  
Enraged the more, by what might have reform'd  
His horrible intent, again he sought  
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,  
With sounding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.

But still in vain. The Providence, that meant  
A longer date to the far nobler beast,  
Spared yet again the ignobler for his sake.  
And now, his prowess proved, and his sincere  
Incurable obduracy evinced,  
His rage grew cool ; and pleased, perhaps, to have earn'd  
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,  
With looks of some complacency he resumed  
His road, deriding much the blank amaze  
Of good Evander, still where he was left  
Fix'd motionless, and petrified with dread.  
So on they fared. Discourse on other themes  
Ensuing seem'd to obliterate the past ;  
And tamer far for so much fury shown,  
(As is the course of rash and fiery men)  
The rude companion smiled, as if transform'd.  
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,  
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.  
The impious challenger of Power divine  
Was now to learn that Heaven, though slow to wrath,  
Is never with impunity defied.  
His Horse, as he had caught his master's mood,  
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,  
Unbidden, and not now to be controll'd,  
Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood.  
At once the shock unseated him : he flew  
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier ; and immersed  
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not,  
The death he had deserved, and died alone.  
So God wrought double justice ; made the fool  
The victim of his own tremendous choice,  
And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.  
I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
That crawls at evening in the public path ;  
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
And charged, perhaps, with venom, that intrudes,  
A visitor unwelcome into scenes  
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,  
The chamber, or refectory, may die :  
A necessary act incurs no blame.  
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,  
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,  
Or take their pastime in the spacious field :  
There they are privileged ; and he that hunts  
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong,  
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,  
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.  
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,  
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,  
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
As God was free to form them at the first,  
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.  
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
To love it too. The springtime of our years  
Is soon dishonour'd and defiled in most  
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,  
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.  
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule

And righteous limitation of its act,  
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;  
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.

Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more  
By our capacity of Grace divine,  
From creatures that exist but for our sake,  
Which, having served us, perish, we are held  
Accountable ; and God, some future day,  
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse  
Of what He deems no mean or trivial trust.  
Superior as we are, they yet depend  
Not more on human help than we on theirs.  
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were given  
In aid of our defects. In some are found  
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
That man's attainments in his own concerns,  
Match'd with the expertness of the brutes in theirs,  
Are oft-times vanquish'd and thrown far behind.  
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,  
And read with such discernment, in the port  
And figure of the man, his secret aim,  
That oft we owe our safety to a skill  
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.  
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop  
To quadruped instructors, many a good  
And useful quality, and virtue too,  
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.  
Attachment never to be wean'd, or changed  
By any change of fortune ; proof alike  
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect ;  
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small

And trivial favours, lasting as the life,  
And glistening even in the dying eye.

Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms  
Wins public honour ; and ten thousand sit  
Patiently present at a sacred song,  
Commemoration mad ; content to hear  
(O wonderful effect of music's power !)  
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.  
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—  
(For was it less ? What Heathen would have dared  
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,  
And hang it up in honour of a man ?)  
Much less might serve, when all that we design  
Is but to gratify an itching ear,  
And give the day to a musician's praise.  
Remember Handel ? Who, that was not born  
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,  
Or can, the more than Homer of his age ?  
Yes—we remember him ; and while we praise  
A talent so divine, remember too  
That His most holy book from whom it came,  
Was never meant, was never used before,  
To buckram out the memory of a man.  
But hush !—the Muse, perhaps, is too severe ;  
And, with a gravity beyond the size  
And measure of the offence, rebukes a deed  
Less impious than absurd, and owing more  
To want of judgment than to wrong design.  
So in the chapel of old Ely House,  
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,  
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,  
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,  
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,  
Sung to the praise and glory of King George !

—Man praises man; and Garrick's memory next,  
When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made  
The idol of our worship while he lived  
The god of our idolatry once more,  
Shall have its altar ; and the world shall go  
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.  
The theatre, too small, shall suffocate  
Its squeezed contents, and more than it admits  
Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return  
Ungratified : for there some noble lord  
Shall stuff his shoulders with King Richard's bunch,  
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,  
And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare,  
To show the world how Garrick did not act.  
For Garrick was a worshipper himself ;  
He drew the liturgy, and framed the rites  
And solemn ceremonial of the day,  
And call'd the world to worship on the banks  
Of Avon, famed in song. Ah, pleasant proof  
That piety has still in human hearts  
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.  
The mulberry tree was hung with blooming wreaths ;  
The mulberry tree stood centre of the dance ;  
The mulberry tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs ;  
And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry tree  
Supplied such relics as devotion holds  
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.  
So 'twas a hallow'd time : decorum reign'd,  
And mirth without offence. No few return'd,  
Doubtless, much edified, and all refresh'd.  
—Man praises man. The rabble, all alive  
From tipping benches, cellars, stalls, and sties,  
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,  
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.

Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,  
To gaze in his eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave  
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy :  
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse  
The gilded equipage, and turning loose  
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.  
Why ? what has charm'd them ? Hath he saved the state ?  
No. Doth he purpose its salvation ? No.  
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,  
That finds out every crevice of the head  
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs  
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,  
And his own cattle must suffice him soon.  
Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,  
And dedicate a tribute, in its use  
And just direction sacred, to a thing  
Doom'd to the dust, or lodged already there.  
Encomium in old time was poet's work ;  
But poets, having lavishly long since  
Exhausted all materials of the art,  
The task now falls into the public hand ;  
And I, contented with an humble theme,  
Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down  
The vale of Nature, where it creeps and winds  
Among her lovely works with a secure  
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,  
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.  
And I am recompensed, and deem the toils  
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine  
May stand between an animal and woe,  
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,  
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.  
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung



Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,  
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.  
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh  
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course  
Over a sinful world ; and what remains  
Of this tempestuous state of human things  
Is merely as the working of a sea  
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.  
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds  
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,  
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,  
Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend  
Propitious in His chariot paved with love ;  
And what His storms have blasted and defaced  
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet  
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch :  
Nor can the wonders it records be sung  
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.  
But when a poet, or when one like me,  
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,  
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last  
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,  
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels  
To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,  
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems  
The labour, were a task more arduous still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,  
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see,  
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel  
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?  
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach  
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field

Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,  
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,  
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd ;  
The various seasons woven into one,  
And that one season an eternal spring.  
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,  
For there is none to covet, all are full.  
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear  
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon  
Together, or all gambol in the shade  
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.  
Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
Lurks in the Serpent now : the mother sees,  
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,  
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.  
All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :  
That creeping pestilence is driven away ;  
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart  
No passion touches a discordant string,  
But all is harmony and love. Disease  
Is not : the pure and uncontaminate blood  
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.  
One song employs all nations ; and all cry,  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us !"  
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;  
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.  
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd ;  
See Salem built, the labour of a God !

Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;  
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands  
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,  
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,  
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there : \*  
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,  
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.  
Praise is in all her gates. Upon her walls,  
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,  
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there  
Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;  
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
And worships. Her report has travelled forth  
Into all lands. From every clime they come  
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,  
O Sion ! an assembly such as earth  
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once  
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.  
So God has greatly purposed ; who would else  
In His dishonour'd works Himself endure  
Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.  
Haste, then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,  
Ye slow-revolving seasons ! we would see  
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)  
A world that does not dread and hate His laws,  
And suffer for its crime ; would learn how fair  
The creature is that God pronounces good,  
How pleasant in itself what pleases Him.  
Here every drop of honey hides a sting ;

\* Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic Scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers ;  
And e'en the joy, that haply some poor heart  
Derives from Heaven, pure as the fountain is,  
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint  
From touch of human lips, at best impure.  
O for a world in principle as chaste  
As this is gross and selfish ! over which  
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,  
That govern all things here, shouldering aside  
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her,  
To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife  
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men :  
Where Violence shall never lift the sword,  
Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,  
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears :  
Where he that fills an office shall esteem  
The occasion it presents of doing good  
More than the perquisite : where Law shall speak  
Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts,  
And Equity ; not jealous more to guard  
A worthless form, than to decide aright :  
Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse,  
Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)  
With lean performance ape the work of Love !

Come, then, and, added to Thy many crowns,  
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,  
Thou who alone art worthy ! It was Thine  
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth ;  
And Thou hast made it Thine by purchase since,  
And overpaid its value with Thy blood.  
Thy saints proclaim Thee King ; and in their hearts  
Thy title is engraven with a pen  
Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.  
Thy saints proclaim Thee King ; and Thy delay  
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see

The dawn of Thy last advent, long-desired,  
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,  
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.  
The very spirit of the world is tired  
Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,  
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"  
The infidel has shot his bolts away,  
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,  
He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoil'd,  
And aims them at the shield of Truth again.  
The veil is rent—rent too by priestly hands,  
That hides Divinity from mortal eyes;  
And all the mysteries to Faith proposed,  
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside  
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.  
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are praised,  
Who, constant only in rejecting Thee,  
Deny Thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,  
And quit their office for their error's sake.  
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet e'en these  
Worthy, compared with sycophants, who knee  
Thy name adoring, and then preach Thee man!  
So fares Thy church. But how Thy church may fare,  
The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,  
And what they will. All pastors are alike  
To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none.  
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:  
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,  
And in their service wage perpetual war  
With Conscience and with Thee. Lust in their hearts,  
And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth,  
To prey upon each other: stubborn, fierce,  
High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.  
Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down  
The features of the last degenerate times,

Exhibit every lineament of these.  
Come, then, and, added to Thy many crowns,  
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,  
Due to Thy last and most effectual work,  
Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world !

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now  
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;  
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state  
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,  
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit  
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one  
Content, indeed, to sojourn while he must  
Below the skies, but having there his home.  
The World o'erlooks him in her busy search  
Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;  
And, occupied as earnestly as she,  
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.  
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;  
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.  
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds  
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems  
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.  
Therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,  
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth  
She makes familiar with a Heaven unseen,  
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.  
Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,  
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams  
Oft water fairest meadows ; and the bird  
That flutters least is longest on the wing.  
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,  
Or what achievements of immortal fame  
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.  
His warfare is within. There unfatigued

His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,  
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,  
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which  
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.  
Perhaps the self-approving haughty World,  
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,  
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,  
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,  
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,  
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes  
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring  
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,  
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint  
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,  
And think on her who thinks not for herself.  
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns  
Of little worth, an idler in the best,  
If, author of no mischief, and some good,  
He seek his proper happiness by means  
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.  
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,  
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,  
Account him an encumbrance on the state,  
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.  
His sphere, though humble, if that humble sphere  
Shine with his fair example; and though small  
His influence, if that influence all be spent  
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,  
In aiding helpless indigence, in works  
From which at least a grateful few derive  
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe;  
Then let the supercilious great confess  
He serves his country, recompenses well  
The state beneath the shadow of whose vine  
He sits secure, and in the scale of life

Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.  
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,  
Must drop, indeed, the hope of public praise ;  
But he may boast, what few that win it can,  
That, if his country stand not by his skill,  
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.  
Polite Refinement offers him in vain  
Her golden tube, through which a sensual world  
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,  
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.  
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,  
Because that World adopts it. If it bear  
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,  
And be not costly more than of true worth,  
He puts it on, and for decorum sake  
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.  
She judges of refinement by the eye,  
He by the test of conscience, and a heart  
Not soon deceived ; aware that what is base  
No polish can make sterling ; and that vice,  
Though well perfumed and elegantly dress'd,  
Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flowers,  
Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far  
For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.  
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,  
More golden than that age of fabled gold  
Renown'd in ancient song ; not vex'd with care  
Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approved  
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.  
So glide my life away ! and so, at last,  
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,  
May some disease, not tardy to perform  
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,  
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,



Beneath the turf that I have often trod.  
It shall not grieve me then, that once, when call'd  
To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,  
I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,  
With that light task ; but soon, to please her more,  
Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,  
Let fall the unfinish'd wreath, and roved for fruit ;  
Roved far, and gather'd much : some harsh, 'tis true,  
Pick'd from the thorns and briars of reproof,  
But wholesome, well-digested ; grateful some  
To palates that can taste immortal truth ;  
Inspid else, and sure to be despised.  
But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek.  
In vain the Poet sings, and the world hears,  
If He regard not, though divine the theme.  
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime  
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,  
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart ;  
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,  
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.



**TIROCINIUM;**  
**OR,**  
**A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.**

**Κεφαλαιον δη παιδειας ορθη τροφη.**  
**PLATO.**

**Αρχη πολιτειας απασης, νεων τροφα.**  
**DIOG. LAERT.**



TO THE  
REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,  
RECTOR OF STOCK, IN ESSEX,  
THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS,  
THE FOLLOWING  
P O E M,  
RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION,  
IN PREFERENCE TO  
AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,  
IS INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,  
WILLIAM COWPER.

OLNEY, Nov. 6, 1784.



## TIROCINIUM.

It is not from his form, in which we trace  
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,  
That man, the master of this globe, derives  
His right of empire over all that lives.  
That form, indeed, the associate of a mind  
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind ;  
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,  
Framed for the service of a freeborn will,  
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,  
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.  
Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne ;  
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.  
For her the Memory fills her ample page  
With truths pour'd down from every distant age ;  
For her amasses an unbounded store,  
The wisdom of great nations, now no more ;  
Though laden, not encumber'd with her spoil ;  
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil ;  
When copiously supplied, then most enlarged ;  
Still to be fed, and not to be surcharged.  
For her the Fancy, roving unconfined,  
The present Muse of every pensive mind,  
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue  
To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.  
At her command winds rise, and waters roar,  
Again she lays them slumbering on the shore ;

With flower and fruit the wilderness supplies,  
Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.  
For her the Judgment, umpire in the strife  
That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,  
Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,  
Appointed sage preceptor to the Will,  
Condemns, approves, and, with a faithful voice,  
Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth  
To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth ?  
And, when descending he resigns the skies,  
Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,  
Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,  
And owns her power on every shore he laves ?  
Why do the seasons still enrich the year,  
Fruitful and young as in their first career ?  
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze ;  
Summer in haste the thriving charge receives  
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,  
Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews  
Dye them, at last, in all their glowing hues.  
'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,  
Power misemploy'd, munificence misplaced,  
Had not its Author dignified the plan,  
And crown'd it with the majesty of man.  
Thus form'd, thus placed, intelligent, and taught,  
Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,  
The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws  
Finds, in a sober moment, time to pause,  
To press the important question on his heart,  
" Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art ?"  
If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,  
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave ;

Endued with reason, only to descry  
His crimes and follies with an aching eye ;  
With passions, just that he may prove with pain  
The force he spends against their fury, vain ;  
And if, soon after having burnt by turns  
With every lust with which frail Nature burns,  
His being end where death dissolves the bond,  
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond ;  
Then he, of all that Nature has brought forth,  
Stands self-impeach'd the creature of least worth,  
And, useless while he lives and when he dies,  
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths, that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,  
Are not important always as dear-bought,  
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,  
A childish waste of philosophic pains ;  
But truths, on which depends our main concern,  
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,  
Shine by the side of every path we tread  
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.  
'Tis true, that if to trifle life away  
Down to the sunset of their latest day,  
Then perish on futurity's wide shore  
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,  
Were all that Heaven required of humankind,  
And all the plan their destiny design'd,  
What none could reverence all might justly blame,  
And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.  
But Reason heard, and Nature well perused,  
At once the dreaming mind is disabused.  
If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,  
Reflect His attributes who placed them there,  
Fulfil the purpose, and appear design'd  
Proofs of the wisdom of the all-seeing Mind ;



'Tis plain the creature, whom He chose to invest  
With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,  
Received his nobler nature, and was made  
Fit for the power in which he stands array'd ;  
That first or last, hereafter if not here,  
He too might make his Author's wisdom clear,  
Praise Him on earth, or, obstinately dumb,  
Suffer His justice in a world to come.  
This once believed, 'twere logic misapplied  
To prove a consequence by none denied,  
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth  
Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth,  
That, taught of God, they may, indeed, be wise,  
Nor, ignorantly wandering, miss the skies.

In early days the conscience has in most  
A quickness, which in later life is lost :  
Preserved from guilt by salutary fears,  
Or, guilty, soon relenting into tears.  
Too careless often, as our years proceed,  
What friends we sort with, or what books we read,  
Our parents yet exert a prudent care  
To feed our infant minds with proper fare ;  
And wisely store the nursery by degrees  
With wholesome learning, yet acquired with ease.  
Neatly secured from being soil'd or torn,  
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,  
A book (to please us at a tender age  
'Tis call'd a book, though but a single page)  
Presents the prayer the Saviour deign'd to teach,  
Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.  
Lisping our syllables, we scramble next  
Through moral narrative, or sacred text ;  
And learn with wonder how this world began,  
Who made, who marr'd, and who has ransom'd man :



Points which, unless the Scripture made them plain,  
The wisest heads might agitate in vain.  
O thou, whom borne on Fancy's eager wing  
Back to the season of life's happy spring,  
I pleased remember, and, while memory yet  
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget ;  
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale  
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;  
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,  
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;  
Witty, and well-employ'd, and, like thy Lord,  
Speaking in parables His slighted word ;  
I name thee not, lest so despised a name  
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame ;

Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,  
That mingles all my brown with sober grey,  
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,  
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God.  
'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage  
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;  
The man, approving what had charm'd the boy,  
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;  
And not with curses on his heart who stole  
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.  
The stamp of artless piety impress'd  
By kind tuition on his yielding breast,  
The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,  
Regards with scorn, though once received with awe;  
And, warp'd into the labyrinth of lies,  
That babblers, call'd philosophers, devise,  
Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan  
Replete with dreams unworthy of a man.  
Touch but his nature in its ailing part,  
Assert the native evil of his heart,  
His pride resents the charge, although the proof\*  
Rise in his forehead, and seem rank enough:  
Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross  
As God's expedient to retrieve his loss,  
The young apostate sickens at the view,  
And hates it with the malice of a Jew.

How weak the barrier of mere Nature proves,  
Opposed against the pleasures Nature loves!  
While self-betray'd, and wilfully undone,  
She longs to yield, no sooner wooed than won.  
Try now the merits of this blest exchange  
Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range.

\* See 2 Chron. xxvi. 19.

Time was, he closed as he began the day  
With decent duty, not ashamed to pray :  
The practice was a bond upon his heart,  
A pledge he gave for a consistent part ;  
Nor could he dare presumptuously displease  
A Power, confess'd so lately on his knees.  
But now farewell all legendary tales,  
The shadows fly, philosophy prevails ;  
Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves ;  
Religion makes the free by nature slaves.  
Priests have invented, and the world admired  
What knavish priests promulgate as inspired ;  
Till Reason, now no longer overawed,  
Resumes her powers, and spurns the clumsy fraud ;  
And, common sense diffusing real day,  
The meteor of the Gospel dies away.  
Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth  
Learn from expert inquiries after truth ;  
Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,  
Is not to find what they profess to seek.  
And thus, well tutor'd only while we share  
A mother's lectures and a nurse's care ;  
And taught at schools much mythologic stuff,\*  
But sound religion sparingly enough ;  
Our early notices of truth, disgraced,  
Soon lose their credit, and are all effaced.  
Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,  
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once ;

\* The Author begs leave to explain :—Sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tasted, or, indeed, understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a schoolboy in the religion of the Heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture, which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.



That in good time the stripling's finish'd taste  
For loose expense, and fashionable waste,  
Should prove your ruin, and his own at last ;  
Train him in public with a mob of boys,  
Childish in mischief only and in noise,  
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten  
In infidelity and lewdness men.  
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,  
That authors are most useful pawn'd or sold ;  
That pedantry is all that schools impart,  
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart ;

There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays  
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise,  
His counsellor and bosom-friend shall prove,  
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.  
Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,  
Detain their adolescent charge too long ;  
The management of tyros of eighteen  
Is difficult, their punishment obscene.  
The stout tall captain, whose superior size  
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,  
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix  
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.  
His pride, that scorns to obey or to submit,  
With them is courage ; his effrontery wit.  
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,  
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,  
His hairbreadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,  
Transport them, and are made their favourite themes.  
In little bosoms such achievements strike  
A kindred spark : they burn to do the like.  
Thus, half-accomplished ere he yet begin  
To show the peeping down upon his chin ;  
And, as maturity of years comes on,  
Made just the adept that you design'd your son ;  
To ensure the perseverance of his course,  
And give your monstrous project all its force,  
Send him to college. If he there be tamed,  
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,  
Where no regard of ord'nances is shown  
Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own.  
Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,  
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking-bout,  
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.  
Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,  
Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you :

Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,  
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds.  
The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,  
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,  
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,  
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.  
To follow foolish precedents, and wink  
With both our eyes, is easier than to think :  
And such an age as ours balks no expense,  
Except of caution, and of common sense ;  
Else, sure, notorious fact, and proof so plain,  
Would turn our steps into a wiser train.  
I blame not those who, with what care they can,  
O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan ;  
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare  
Promise a work of which they must despair.  
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,  
A ubiquarian presence and control,  
Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi stray'd,  
Went with him, and saw all the game he play'd ?  
Yes—ye are conscious ; and on all the shelves  
Your pupils strike upon, have struck yourselves.  
Or if, by nature sober, ye had then,  
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men ;  
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs address'd  
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.  
But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,  
And evils not to be endured, endure,  
Lest power exerted, but without success,  
Should make the little ye retain still less.  
Ye once were justly famed for bringing forth  
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth ;  
And in the firmament of fame still shines  
A glory, bright as that of all the signs,  
Of poets raised by you, and statesmen, and divines.

Peace to them all ! those brilliant times are fled,  
And no such lights are kindling in their stead.  
Our striplings shine, indeed, but with such rays  
As set the midnight riot in a blaze ;  
And seem, if judged by their expressive looks,  
Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.

Say, Muse (for, education made the song,  
No Muse can hesitate, or linger long),  
What causes move us, knowing, as we must,  
That these *ménageries* all fail their trust,  
To send our sons to scout and scamper there,  
While colts and puppies cost us so much care ?

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,  
We love the play-place of our early days ;  
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,  
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.  
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,  
The very name we carved, subsisting still ;  
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,  
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd ;  
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,  
Playing our games, and on the very spot ;  
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw  
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;  
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,  
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat ;  
The pleasing spectacle at once excites  
Such recollection of our own delights,  
That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain  
Our innocent sweet simple years again.  
This fond attachment to the well-known place  
Whence first we started into life's long race,  
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,  
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day..



Hark ! how the sire of chits, whose future share  
Of classic food begins to be his care,  
With his own likeness placed on either knee,  
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee ;  
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,  
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box ;  
Then, turning, he regales his listening wife  
With all the adventures of his early life ;  
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,  
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays ;  
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,  
How he was flogg'd, or had the luck to escape ;  
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold  
Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.  
Retracing thus his *frolics* ('tis a name  
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame),  
He gives the local bias all its sway ;  
Resolves that where he play'd his sons shall play,  
And destines their bright genius to be shown  
Just in the scene where he display'd his own.  
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught  
To be as bold and forward as he ought ;  
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,  
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.  
Ah, happy designation, prudent choice,  
The event is sure ; expect it, and rejoice !  
Soon see your wish fulfill'd in either child,  
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

The great, indeed, by titles, riches, birth,  
Excused the encumbrance of more solid worth,  
Are best disposed of where with most success  
They may acquire that confident address,  
Those habits of profuse and lewd expense,  
That scorn of all delights but those of sense,

Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,  
With so much reason all expect from them.  
But families of less illustrious fame,  
Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,  
Whose heirs, their honours none, their income small,  
Must shine by true desert, or not at all,  
What dream they of, that with so little care  
They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there ?  
They dream of little Charles or William graced  
With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist ;  
They see the attentive crowds his talents draw,  
They hear him speak—the oracle of law.  
The father, who designs his babe a priest,  
Dreams him episcopally such at least ;  
And, while the playful jockey scours the room  
Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,  
In fancy sees him more superbly ride  
In coach with purple lined, and mitres on its side.  
Events improbable and strange as these,  
Which only a parental eye foresees,  
A public school shall bring to pass with ease.  
But how ? resides such virtue in that air,  
As must create an appetite for prayer ?  
And will it breathe into him all the zeal  
That candidates for such a prize should feel,  
To take the lead, and be the foremost still  
In all true worth and literary skill ?  
“ Ah, blind to bright futurity, untaught  
“ The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought !  
“ Church-ladders are not always mounted best  
“ By learned clerks, and Latinists profess’d.  
“ The exalted prize demands an upward look,  
“ Not to be found by a poring on a book.  
“ Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,  
“ Is more than adequate to all I seek.

" Let erudition grace him, or not grace,  
 " I give the bauble but the second place ;  
 " His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,  
 " Subsist and centre in one point—a friend.  
 " A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,  
 " Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.  
 " His intercourse with peers and sons of peers—  
 " There dawns the splendour of his future years :  
 " In that bright quarter his propitious skies  
 " Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.  
 " *Your Lordship, and Your Grace !* what school can teach  
 " A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech ?  
 " What need of Homer's verse or Tully's prose,  
 " Sweet interjections ! if he learn but those ?  
 " Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,  
 " Who starve upon a dog's-ear'd Pentateuch ;—  
 " The parson knows enough, who knows a Duke."  
 Egregious purpose ! worthily begun  
 In barbarous prostitution of your son ;  
 Press'd on *his* part by means that would disgrace  
 A scrivener's clerk, or footman out of place,  
 And ending, if at last its end be gain'd,  
 In sacrilege, in God's own house profaned.  
 It may succeed ; and, if his sins should call  
 For more than common punishment, it shall ;  
 The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on earth  
 Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,  
 To occupy a sacred, awful post,  
 In which the best and worthiest tremble most.  
 The *royal letters* are a thing of course,  
 A King that would, might recommend his horse ;  
 And Deans, no doubt, and Chapters, with one voice,  
 As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.  
 Behold your Bishop ! well he plays his part,  
 Christian in name, and infidel in heart,

Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,  
A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.  
Dumb as a senator, and as a priest  
A piece of mere church-furniture at best ;  
To live estranged from God his total scope,  
And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.  
But fair although and feasible it seem,  
Depend not much upon your golden dream ;  
For Providence, that seems concern'd to exempt  
The hallow'd bench from absolute contempt,  
In spite of all the wrigglers into place,  
Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace ;  
And therefore 'tis that, though the sight be rare,  
We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there.  
Besides, school-friendships are not always found,  
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound ;  
The most disinterested and virtuous minds,  
In early years connected, time unbinds ;  
New situations give a different cast  
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste ;  
And he, that seem'd our counterpart at first,  
Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.  
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,  
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.  
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,  
Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known.  
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,  
But learns his error in maturer years,  
When disposition, like a sail unfurl'd,  
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.  
If, therefore, e'en when honest in design,  
A boyish friendship may so soon decline,  
'Twere wiser, sure, to inspire a little heart  
With just abhorrence of so mean a part,

Than set your son to work at a vile trade  
For wages so unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile resort,  
That are of chief and most approved report,  
To such base hopes in many a sordid soul,  
Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.  
A principle, whose proud pretensions pass  
Unquestion'd, though the jewel be but glass—  
That with a world, not often over-nice,  
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice ;  
Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,  
Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride—  
Contributes most, perhaps, to enhance their fame ;  
And Emulation is its specious name.  
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,  
Feel all the rage that female rivals feel ;  
The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes  
Not brighter than in theirs the scholar's prize.  
The spirit of that competition burns  
With all varieties of ill by turns ;  
Each vainly magnifies his own success,  
Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less,  
Exults in his miscarriage, if he fail,  
Deems his reward too great, if he prevail,  
And labours to surpass him day and night,  
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.  
The spur is powerful, and I grant its force ;  
It pricks the genius forward in its course,  
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth ;  
And felt alike by each, advances both :  
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,  
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.  
Weigh, for a moment, classical desert  
Against a heart depraved and temper hurt ;

Hurt too, perhaps, for life ; for early wrong,  
Done to the nobler part, affects it long ;  
And you are staunch, indeed, in learning's cause,  
If you can crown a discipline that draws  
Such mischiefs after it with much applause.

Connexion form'd for interest, and endear'd  
By selfish views thus censured and cashier'd ;  
And emulation, as engendering hate,  
Doom'd to a no less ignominious fate :  
The props of such proud seminaries fall,  
The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.  
Great schools rejected then, as those that swell  
Beyond a size that can be managed well,  
Shall royal institutions miss the bays,  
And small academies win all the praise ?  
Force not my drift beyond its just intent,  
I praise a school as Pope a government ;  
So take my judgment in his language dress'd,  
" Whate'er is best administer'd is best."  
Few boys are born with talents that excel,  
But all are capable of living well.  
Then ask not, whether limited or large ?  
But, watch they strictly, or neglect their charge ?  
If anxious only that their boys may *learn*,  
While *morals* languish, a despised concern,  
The great and small deserve one common blame,  
Different in size, but in effect the same.  
Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,  
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most ;  
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,  
For there the game they seek is easiest found ;  
Though there, in spite of all that care can do,  
Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.  
If shrewd, and of a well-constructed brain,  
Keen in pursuit, and vigorous to retain,

Your son come forth a prodigy of skill ;  
 As, wheresoever taught, so form'd, he will ;  
 The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,  
 Claims more than half the praise as his due share ;  
 But if, with all his genius, he betray,  
 Not more intelligent than loose and gay,  
 Such vicious habits as disgrace his name,  
 Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame ;  
 Though want of due restraint alone have bred  
 The symptoms that you see with so much dread ;  
 Unenvied there, he may sustain alone  
 The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.

O 'tis a sight to be with joy perused,  
 By all whom sentiment has not abused ;  
 New-fangled sentiment, the boasted grace  
 Of those who never feel in the right place ;  
 A sight surpass'd by none that we can show,  
 Though Vestris on one leg still shine below ;  
 A father blest with an ingenuous son,  
 Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.  
 How !—turn again to tales long since forgot,  
 Æsop, and Phædrus, and the rest ?—Why not ?  
 He will not blush that has a father's heart,  
 To take, in childish plays, a childish part ;  
 But bends his sturdy back to any toy  
 That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy :  
 Then why resign into a stranger's hand  
 A task as much within your own command,  
 That God and nature, and your interest too,  
 Seem with one voice to delegate to you ?  
 Why hire a lodging in a house unknown  
 For one whose tenderest thoughts all hover round your own ?  
 This second weaning, needless as it is,  
 How does it lacerate both your heart and his !

The indented stick, that loses day by day  
Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away,  
Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,  
With what intense desire he wants his home.  
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof  
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,  
Harmless, and safe, and natural as they are,  
A disappointment waits him even there :  
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change,  
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,  
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,  
His favourite stand between his father's knees,  
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,  
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,  
And, least familiar where he should be most,  
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.  
Alas, poor boy !—the natural effect  
Of love by absence chill'd into respect.  
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquired,  
Brings he, to sweeten fruits so undesired ?  
Thou well deservest an alienated son,  
Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none ;  
None that, in thy domestic snug recess,  
He had not made his own with more address,  
Though some, perhaps, that shock thy feeling mind,  
And better never learn'd, or left behind.  
Add too, that thus estranged, thou canst obtain  
By no kind arts his confidence again ;  
That here begins with most that long complaint  
Of filial frankness lost, and love grown faint,  
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years  
A parent pours into regardless ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees  
By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,



Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace  
The boughs in which are bred the unseemly race ;  
While every worm industriously weaves  
And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves ;  
So numerous are the follies that annoy  
The mind and heart of every sprightly boy ;  
Imaginations noxious and perverse,  
Which admonition can alone disperse.  
The encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,  
Patient, affectionate, of high command,  
To check the procreation of a breed  
Sure to exhaust the plant on which they feed.  
'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page,  
At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage ;  
E'en in his pastimes he requires a friend,  
To warn, and teach him safely to unbend ;  
O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,  
Watch his emotions, and control their tide ;  
And levying thus, and with an easy sway,  
A tax of profit from his very play,  
To impress a value, not to be erased,  
On moments squander'd else, and running all to waste.  
And seems it nothing in a father's eye,  
That unimproved those many moments fly ?  
And is he well content his son should find  
No nourishment to feed his growing mind  
But conjugated verbs, and nouns declined ?  
For such is all the mental food purvey'd  
By public hackneys in the schooling trade ;  
Who feed a pupil's intellect with store  
Of syntax truly, but with little more ;  
Dismiss their cares, when they dismiss their flock,  
Machines themselves, and govern'd by a clock.  
Perhaps a father, blest with any brains,  
Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,

To improve this diet, at no great expense,  
With savoury truth and wholesome common sense ;  
To lead his son, for prospects of delight,  
To some not steep though philosophic height,  
Thence to exhibit to his wondering eyes  
Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size ;  
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,  
And the harmonious order of them all ;  
To show him in an insect or a flower  
Such microscopic proof of skill and power,  
As, hid from ages past, God now displays,  
To combat atheists with in modern days ;  
To spread the earth before him, and commend,  
With designation of the finger's end,  
Its various parts to his attentive note,  
Thus bringing home to him the most remote ;  
To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,  
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame ;  
And, more than all, with commendation due,  
To set some living worthy in his view,  
Whose fair example may at once inspire  
A wish to copy what he must admire.  
Such knowledge gain'd betimes, and which appears,  
Though solid, not too weighty for his years,  
Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,  
When health demands it, of athletic sort,  
Would make him—what some lovely boys have been,  
And more than one, perhaps, that I have seen—  
An evidence and reprehension both  
Of the mere schoolboy's lean and tardy growth.

Art thou a man professionally tied,  
With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,  
Too busy to intend a meaner care,  
Than how to enrich thyself, and next thine heir ;

Or art thou (as though rich, perhaps thou art)  
But poor in knowledge, having none to impart :—  
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad ;  
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad ;  
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then  
Heard to articulate like other men ;  
No jester, and yet lively in discourse,  
His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force ;  
And his address, if not quite French in ease,  
Not English stiff, but frank, and form'd to please ;  
Low in the world, because he scorns its arts ;  
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts ;  
Unpatronized, and therefore little known,  
Wise for himself and his few friends alone—  
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,  
Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee ;  
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,  
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth ;  
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove  
The force of discipline, when back'd by love ;  
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,  
His mind inform'd, his morals undefiled.  
Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show  
No spots contracted among grooms below,  
Nor taint his speech with meannesses, design'd  
By footman Tom for witty and refined.  
There, in his commerce with the liveried herd,  
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be fear'd ;  
For since (so fashion dictates) all who claim  
A higher than a mere plebeian fame,  
Find it expedient, come what mischief may,  
To entertain a thief or two in pay,  
(And they that can afford the expense of more,  
Some half a dozen, and some half a score),

Great cause occurs to save him from a band  
So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand ;  
A point secured, if once he be supplied  
With some such Mentor always at his side.  
Are such men rare ? perhaps they would abound,  
Were occupation easier to be found,  
Were education, else so sure to fail,  
Conducted on a manageable scale,  
And schools that have outlived all just esteem,  
Exchanged for the secure domestic scheme—  
But, having found him, be thou Duke or Earl,  
Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl,  
And as thou wouldst the advancement of thine heir  
In all good faculties beneath his care,  
Respect, as is but rational and just,  
A man deem'd worthy of so dear a trust.  
Despised by thee, what more can he expect  
From youthful folly than the same neglect ?  
A flat and fatal negative obtains  
That instant, upon all his future pains ;  
His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend,  
And all the instructions of thy son's best friend  
Are a stream choked, or trickling to no end.  
Doom him not, then, to solitary meals ;  
But recollect that he has sense, and feels ;  
And that, possessor of a soul refined,  
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,  
His post not mean, his talents not unknown,  
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.  
And, if admitted at thy board he sit,  
Account him no just mark for idle wit ;  
Offend not him, whom modesty restrains  
From repartee, with jokes that he disdains ;  
Much less transfix his feelings with an oath ;  
Nor frown unless he vanish with the cloth.

And, trust me, his utility may reach  
To more than he is hired or bound to teach ;  
Much trash unutter'd, and some ills undone,  
Through reverence of the censor of thy son.

But, if thy table be indeed unclean,  
Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,  
And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan,  
The world accounts an honourable man,  
Because, forsooth, thy courage has been tried  
And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side ;  
Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove  
That anything but vice could win thy love ;  
Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,  
Chain'd to the routs that she frequents for life ;  
Who, just when industry begins to snore,  
Flies, wing'd with joy, to some coach-crowded door ;  
And thrice in every winter throngs thine own  
With half the chariots and sedans in town,  
Thyself meanwhile, e'en shifting as thou mayest,  
Not very sober though, nor very chaste ;—  
Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,  
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,  
And thou at best, and in thy soberest mood,  
A trifler vain, and empty of all good ;  
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,  
Hear Nature plead, show mercy to thy son.  
Saved from his home, where every day brings forth  
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,  
Find him a better in a distant spot,  
Within some pious pastor's humble cot,  
Where vile example (yours I chiefly mean,  
The most seducing, and the oftenest seen)  
May never more be stamp'd upon his breast,  
Not yet, perhaps, incurably impress'd :



Where early rest makes early rising sure,  
Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,  
Prevented much by diet neat and plain ;  
Or, if it enter, soon starved out again :  
Where all the attention of his faithful host,  
Discreetly limited to two at most,  
May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,  
And not at last evaporate in air :  
Where stillness aiding study, and his mind  
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,  
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,  
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,  
His virtuous toil may terminate at last  
In settled habit and decided taste.  
But whom do I advise ? The fashion-led,  
The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead,  
Whom care and cool deliberation suit  
Not better much than spectacles a brute ;

Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,  
Deem it of no great moment whose, or where ;  
Too proud to adopt the thoughts of one unknown,  
And much too gay to have any of their own.  
But courage, man ! methought the Muse replied,  
Mankind are various, and the world is wide :  
The ostrich, silliest of the feather'd kind,  
And form'd of God without a parent's mind,  
Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,  
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust ;  
And, while on public nurseries they rely,  
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,  
Irrational in what they thus prefer,  
No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.  
But all are not alike. Thy warning voice  
May here and there prevent erroneous choice ;  
And some, perhaps, who, busy as they are,  
Yet make their progeny their dearest care  
(Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may reach  
Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach),  
Will need no stress of argument to enforce  
The expedience of a less adventurous course :  
The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn ;  
But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them*.

To you, then, tenants of life's middle state,  
Securely placed between the small and great,  
Whose character, yet undebauch'd, retains  
Two-thirds of all the virtue that remains,  
Who, wise yourselves, desire your son should learn  
Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.  
Look round you on a world perversely blind ;  
See what contempt is fallen on humankind ;  
See wealth abused, and dignities misplaced,  
Great titles, offices, and trusts, disgraced,

Long lines of ancestry renown'd of old,  
Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold ;  
See Bedlam's closeted and handcuff'd charge  
Surpass'd in frenzy by the mad at large ;  
See great commanders making war a trade,  
Great lawyers, lawyers without study made ;  
Churchmen, in whose esteem their blest employ  
Is odious, and their wages all their joy ;  
Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves  
With Gospel lore, turn infidels themselves ;  
See womanhood despised, and manhood shamed  
With infamy too nauseous to be named,  
Fops at all corners, ladylike in mien,  
Civeted fellows, smelt ere they are seen,  
Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue  
On fire with curses and with nonsense hung,  
Now flush'd with drunk'ness, now with whoredom pale,  
Their breath a sample of last night's regale ;  
See volunteers in all the vilest arts,  
Men well-endow'd, of honourable parts,  
Design'd by Nature wise, but self-made fools ;  
All these, and more like these, were bred at schools.  
And if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,  
That though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still ;  
Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,  
Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark :  
As here and there a twinkling star descried  
Serves but to show how black is all beside.  
Now look on him whose very voice in tone  
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,  
And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red,  
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,  
And say, My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,  
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,



Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,  
And trust for safety to a stranger's care :  
What character, what turn thou wilt assume  
From constant converse with I know not whom ;  
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,  
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose,  
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,  
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.  
Canst thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,  
And while the dreadful risk, foreseen, forbids—  
Free too, and under no constraining force,  
Unless the sway of custom warp thy course—  
Lay such a stake upon the losing side,  
Merely to gratify so blind a guide ?  
Thou canst not ! Nature, pulling at thine heart,  
Condemns the unfatherly, the imprudent part.  
Thou wouldst not, deaf to Nature's tenderest plea,  
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,  
Nor say, *Go thither*, conscious that there lay  
A brood of asps, or quicksands, in his way ;  
Then, only govern'd by the self-same rule  
Of natural pity, send him not to school.  
No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,  
Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone ?  
And hopest thou not ('tis every father's hope)  
That, since thy strength must with thy years elope,  
And thou wilt need some comfort, to assuage  
Health's last farewell, a staff of thine old age,  
That then, in recompense of all thy cares,  
Thy child shall show respect to thy grey hairs,  
Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,  
And give thy life its only cordial left ?  
Aware, then, how much danger intervenes,  
To compass that good end, forecast the means.

His heart, now passive, yields to thy command ;  
Secure it thine ; its key is in thine hand.  
If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,  
Nor heed what guests there enter and abide,  
Complain not if attachments lewd and base  
Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place.  
But, if thou guard its sacred chambers sure  
From vicious inmates, and delights impure,  
Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,  
And keep him warm and filial to the last ;  
Or, if he prove unkind (as who can say  
But, being man, and therefore frail, he may),  
One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,  
Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.

Oh barbarous ! wouldst thou with a Gothic hand  
Pull down the schools—what !—all the schools i' the land ?  
Or throw them up to livery-nags and grooms,  
Or turn them into shops and auction-rooms ?  
—A captious question, Sir (and yours is one),  
Deserves an answer similar, or none.  
Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ  
(Apprised that he is such) a careless boy,  
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,  
Merely to sleep, and let them run astray ?  
Survey our schools and colleges, and see  
A sight not much unlike my simile.  
From education, as the leading cause,  
The public character its colour draws ;  
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,  
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.  
And, though I would not advertise them yet,  
Nor write on each—*This Building to be let*,  
Unless the world were all prepared to embrace  
A plan well worthy to supply their place ;

Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,  
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,  
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,  
Or better managed, or encouraged less.

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## YARDLEY OAK.

[1791.]

SURVIVOR sole, and hardly such, of all  
That once lived here, thy brethren, at my birth  
(Since which I number threescore winters past),  
A shatter'd veteran, hollow-trunk'd, perhaps,  
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,  
Relics of ages ! could a mind, imbued  
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,  
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,  
When our forefather Druids in their oaks  
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet  
Unpurified by an authentic act  
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,  
Loved not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom  
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste  
Of fruit proscribed, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bauble once, a cup and ball  
Which babes might play with ; and the thievish Jay,  
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd  
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down  
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs

And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.  
But Fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains  
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil  
Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping Deer,  
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared  
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,  
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,  
Ye reasoners broad awake, whose busy search  
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,  
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away !

Thou fell'st mature ; and, in the loamy clod  
Swelling with vegetative force extinct,  
Didst burn thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,  
Now stars ; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact ;  
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,  
And, all the elements thy puny growth  
Fostering propitious, thou becamest a twig.

Who lived when thou wast such ? Oh ! couldst thou speak,  
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees  
Oracular, I would not curious ask  
The future, best unknown, but, at thy mouth  
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,  
The clock of history, facts and events  
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts  
Recovering, and mis-stated setting right :—  
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again !

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods ;  
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave  
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs  
O'erhung the champaign ; and the numerous flocks  
That grazed it stood beneath that ample cope  
Uncrowded, yet safe shelter'd from the storm.

No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived  
Thy popularity, and art become  
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing  
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd  
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass ;  
Then twig ; then sapling ; and, as century roll'd  
Slow after century, a giant-bulk  
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root  
Upheaved above the soil, and sides emboss'd  
With prominent wens globose—till, at the last,  
The rottenness which Time is charged to inflict  
On other mighty ones found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world  
Witness'd of mutability in all  
That we account most durable below !  
Change is the diet on which all subsist,  
Created changeable, and change, at last,  
Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat  
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam  
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—  
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,  
Invigorate by turns the springs of life  
In all that live—plant, animal, and man,  
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,  
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,  
Delight in agitation, yet sustain  
The force that agitates not unimpair'd ;  
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause  
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still  
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth  
From almost nullity into a state  
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,

Slow, into such magnificent decay.  
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly  
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been  
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age  
Thou hadst, within thy bole, solid contents  
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck  
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,  
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present  
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,  
Warp'd into tough knee-timber, many a load! \*  
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days  
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply  
The bottomless demands of contest waged  
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time  
The task was left to whittle thee away  
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,  
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,  
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,  
Achieved a labour which had, far and wide,  
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self  
Possessing nought but the scoop'd rind, that seems  
An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,  
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,  
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st  
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.  
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,  
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,  
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp  
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

\* Knee-timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which, by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet  
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,  
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth  
Pulverised of venality, a shell  
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off  
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,  
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left  
A splinter'd stump, bleach'd to a snowy white ;  
And some, memorial none where once they grew.  
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth  
Proof not contemptible of what she can,  
Even where death predominates. The spring  
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force  
Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood,  
So much thy juniors, who their birth received  
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age  
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice  
May be expected from thee, seated here  
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,  
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform,  
Myself the oracle, and will discourse  
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,  
Drew not his life from woman ; never gazed,  
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,  
On all around him ; learn'd not by degrees,  
Nor owed articulation to his ear ;  
But, moulded by his Maker into man  
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd  
All creatures, with precision understood  
Their purport ; uses, properties, assign'd  
To each his name significant, and, fill'd

With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heaven  
 In praise harmonious the first air he drew.  
 He was excused the penalties of dull  
 Minority. No tutor charged his hand  
 With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind  
 With problems. History, not wanted yet,  
 Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,  
 Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

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SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[June 2, 1792.]

HAYLEY—thy tenderness fraternal shown  
 In our first interview, delightful guest!  
 To Mary, and me for her dear sake distress'd,  
 Such as it is has made my heart thy own,  
 Though heedless now of new engagements grown;  
 For threescore winters make a wintry breast,  
 And I had purposed ne'er to go in quest  
 Of Friendship more, except with God alone.  
 But thou hast won me; nor is God my foe,  
 Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,  
 Sent thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,  
 My brother, by whose sympathy I know  
 Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,  
 Not more to admire the Bard than love the man.





ON THE  
RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE,  
OUT OF NORFOLK,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has pass'd  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrance of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !  
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a Mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own :  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My Mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learn'd at last submission to my lot ;  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Shortlived possession ! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks  
That humour, interposed, too often makes ;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn'd in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I prick'd them into paper with a pin  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),  
Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)  
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;  
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore,  
" Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"\*  
And thy loved Consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,  
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

\* Garth.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;  
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine ;  
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.



## AN EPISTLE

TO AN AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

MADAM,

A STRANGER's purpose in these lays  
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.  
To give the creature the Creator's due  
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.  
From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,  
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,  
A coin by Craft for Folly's use design'd,  
Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown :  
No traveller e'er reach'd that blest abode,  
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.  
The world may dance along the flowery plain,  
Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain ;  
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,  
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,  
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,  
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.  
But He, who knew what human hearts would prove,  
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,  
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,  
A life of ease would make them harder still,  
In pity to the souls His grace design'd  
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,  
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,  
And said, " Go, spend them in vale of tears."

O balmy gales of soul-reviving air !  
O salutary streams, that murmur there !  
These flowing from the fount of grace above,  
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.  
The flinty soil, indeed, their feet annoys ;  
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys ;  
An envious world will interpose its frown,  
To mar delights superior to its own ;  
And many a pang, experienced still within,  
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin :  
But ills of every shape and every name,  
Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;  
And every moment's calm that soothes the breast,  
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast  
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste !  
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,  
But the chief Shepherd even there is near ;  
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain  
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain ;  
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,  
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine.  
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,  
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

TO THE

REV. W. CAWTHORNE UNWIN.

UNWIN, I should but ill repay  
 The kindness of a friend,  
 Whose worth deserves as warm a lay  
 As ever friendship penn'd,  
 Thy name omitted in a page  
 That would reclaim a vicious age.

A union form'd, as mine with thee,  
 Not rashly, nor in sport,  
 May be as fervent in degree,  
 And faithful in its sort,  
 And may as rich in comfort prove,  
 As that of true fraternal love.

The bud inserted in the rind,  
 The bud of peach or rose,  
 Adorns, though differing in its kind,  
 The stock whereon it grows,  
 With flower as sweet, or fruit as fair,  
 As if produced by Nature there.

Not rich, I render what I may,  
 I seize thy name in haste,  
 And place it in this first essay,  
 Lest this should prove the last.  
 'Tis where it should be—in a plan  
 That holds in view the good of man.



The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,  
Should be the poet's heart ;  
Affection lights a brighter flame  
Than ever blazed by art.  
No Muses on these lines attend ;  
I sink the Poet in the friend.

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## AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—  
Alas ! how time escapes :—'tis even so—  
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,  
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat  
A tedious hour—and now we never meet !  
As some grave gentleman in Terence says  
( 'Twas, therefore, much the same in ancient days ),  
Good lack ! we know not what to-morrow brings—  
Strange fluctuation of all human things !  
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,  
But distance only cannot change the heart :  
And, were I called to prove the assertion true,  
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it, then, that in the wane of life,  
Though nothing have occur'd to kindle strife,  
We find the friends we fancied we had won,  
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none ?  
Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch ?  
No ; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,  
Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,  
Dreading a negative, and overawed  
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.  
Go, fellow!—whither?—turning short about—  
Nay, stay at home, you're always going out.  
'Tis but a step, Sir, just at the street's end.—  
For what?—An't please you, Sir, to see a friend.—  
A friend! Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—  
Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart—  
And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw,  
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,  
And 'was his plaything often when a child;  
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,  
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.  
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,  
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;  
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,  
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.  
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,  
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain  
To prove an evil of which all complain  
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun),  
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.  
Once on a time an emperor, a wise man,  
No matter where, in China or Japan,  
Decreed that whosoever should offend  
Against the well-know duties of a friend,  
Convicted once should ever after wear  
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.  
The punishment importing this, no doubt,  
That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain ! we have not to fear  
Such hard and arbitrary measure here ;  
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,  
Once have the sanction of our triple state,  
Some few, that I have known in days of old,  
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;  
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,  
Might traverse England safely to and fro,  
An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,  
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

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## TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

## AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

THE swallows in their torpid state  
Compose their useless wing,  
And bees in hives as idly wait  
The call of early Spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,  
The wildest wind that blows,  
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,  
Secure of their repose.

But man, all feeling and awake,  
The gloomy scene surveys ;  
With present ills his heart must ache,  
And pant for brighter days.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,  
Bids me and Mary mourn ;  
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,  
And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,  
Shall chase him from the bowers,  
And weave fresh garlands every day,  
To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear, that speaks regret  
Of happier times, appear,  
A glimpse of joy, that we have met,  
Shall shine and dry the tear.

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## ON RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE.

[January, 1793.]

IN language warm as could be breathed or penn'd,  
Thy picture speaks the original my friend ;  
Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—  
They only speak thee friend of all mankind ;  
Expression here more soothing still I see,  
That friend of *all* a partial friend to *me*.



## CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON (NOW MRS. COURTNEY).

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—  
And meet, perhaps, never again ;  
The sun of that moment is set,  
And seems to have risen in vain.

Catharina has fled like a dream—  
    (So vanishes pleasure, alas !)  
But has left a regret and esteem  
    That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,  
    Catharina, Maria, and I,  
Our progress was often delayed  
    By the Nightingale warbling nigh.  
We paused under many a tree,  
    And much was she charm'd with a tone  
Less sweet to Maria and me,  
    Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,  
    And gave them a grace so divine  
As only her musical tongue  
    Could infuse into numbers of mine.  
The longer I heard, I esteem'd  
    The work of my fancy the more,  
And e'en to myself never seem'd  
    So tuneful a Poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed  
    In number the days of the year,  
Catharina, did nothing impede,  
    Would feel herself happier here ;  
For the close-woven arches of limes  
    On the banks of our river, I know,  
Are sweeter to her many times  
    Than aught that the city can show.

So it is when the mind is endued  
    With a well-judging taste from above,  
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,  
    'Tis Nature alone that we love.

The achievements of art may amuse,  
May even our wonder excite,  
But groves, hills, and valleys, diffuse  
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since, then, in the rural recess  
Catharina alone can rejoice,  
May it still be her lot to possess  
The scene of her sensible choice !  
To inhabit a mansion remote  
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,  
And by Philomel's annual note  
To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,  
To wing all her moments at home,  
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,  
As oft as it suits her to roam,  
She will have just the life she prefers,  
With little to hope or to fear ;  
And ours would be pleasant as hers,  
Might we view her enjoying it here.

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## THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

### A TALE.

A HERMIT (or if 'chance you hold  
That title now too trite and old),  
A man, once young, who lived retired  
As hermit could have well desired,

His hours of study closed at last,  
And finish'd his concise repast,  
Stopp'd his cruse, replaced his book  
Within its customary nook,  
And, staff in hand, set forth to share  
The sober cordial of sweet air,  
Like Isaac, with a mind applied  
To serious thought at evening-tide.  
Autumnal rains had made it chill,  
And from the trees, that fringed his hill,  
Shades slanting at the close of day  
Chill'd more his else delightful way ;  
Distant a little mile he spied  
A western bank's still sunny side,  
And right toward the favour'd place  
Proceeding with his nimblest pace,  
In hope to bask a little yet,  
Just reach'd it when the sun was set.

Your hermit, young and jovial Sirs,  
Learns something from whate'er occurs—  
And hence, he said, my mind computes  
The real worth of man's pursuits.  
His object chosen, wealth or fame,  
Or other sublunary game,  
Imagination to his view  
Presents it deck'd with every hue  
That can seduce him not to spare  
His powers of best exertion there,  
But youth, health, vigour to expend  
On so desirable an end.

Ere long approach life's evening shades,  
The glow that fancy gave it fades ;  
And, earn'd too late, it wants the grace  
That first engaged him in the chase.



True, answer'd an angelic guide,  
Attendant at the senior's side—  
But whether all the time it cost  
To urge the fruitless chase be lost,  
Must be decided by the worth  
Of that which call'd his ardour forth.  
Trifles pursued, whate'er the event,  
Must cause him shame or discontent ;  
A vicious object still is worse ;  
Successful there, he wins a curse !  
But he, whom e'en in life's last stage  
Endeavours laudable engage,  
Is paid at least in peace of mind,  
And sense of having well design'd ;  
And if, ere he attain his end,  
His Sun precipitate descend,  
A brighter prize than that he meant  
Shall recompense his mere intent.  
No virtuous wish can bear a date  
Either too early or too late.



### THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat ;  
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,  
    Enjoy'd the open air ;  
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song  
Had been their mutual solace long,  
    Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,  
That flutter loose on golden wing,  
    And frolic where they list ;  
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true ;  
But that delight they never knew,  
    And, therefore, never miss'd.

But Nature works in every breast  
With force not easily suppress'd ;  
And Dick felt some desires,  
That, after many an effort vain,  
Instructed him at length to gain  
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite  
The freeman to a farewell flight ;  
But Tom was still confined ;  
And Dick, although his way was clear,  
Was much too generous and sincere  
To leave his friend behind.

So, settling on his cage, by play,  
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,  
You must not live alone—  
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,  
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,  
Return'd him to his own.

Oh ye, who never taste the joys  
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,  
Fandango, ball, and rout !  
Blush, when I tell you how a bird  
A prison with a friend preferr'd  
To liberty without.

## THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

## A TALE.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,  
 Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,  
 Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,  
 Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,  
 Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire,  
 That he may follow them through brake and brier,  
 Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,  
 Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.  
 A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,  
 Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;  
 Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,  
 But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;  
 And where the land slopes to its watery bourn,  
 Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn ;  
 Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,  
 And horrid brambles intertwine below ;  
 A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,  
 For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,  
 With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed ;  
 Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from every spray,  
 With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away ;  
 But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack ;  
 Now, therefore, issued forth the spotted pack  
 With tails high-mounted, ears hung low, and throats  
 With a whole gamut fill'd of heavenly notes,  
 For which, alas ! my destiny severe,  
 Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The Sun, accomplishing his early march,  
His lamp now planted on Heaven's topmost arch,  
When, exercise and air my only aim,  
And heedless whither, to that field I came,  
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound  
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,  
Or with the high-raised horn's melodious clang,  
All Kilwick and all Dingleberry\* rang.

Sheep grazed the field; some with soft bosom press'd  
The herb, as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest;  
Nor noise was heard, but of the hasty brook,  
Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook.  
All seem'd so peaceful, that, from them convey'd,  
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,  
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,  
And from within the wood that crash was heard,  
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,  
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that grazed,  
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gazed,  
Admiring, terrified; the novel strain  
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round again;  
But, recollecting with a sudden thought,  
That flight, in circles urged, advanced them nought,  
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,  
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accusom'd long,  
Perceives in everything that lives a tongue;  
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees  
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;  
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,  
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;

\* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,  
How glad they catch the largess of the skies ;  
But, with precision nicer still, the mind  
He scans of every locomotive kind ;  
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,  
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame ;  
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears  
Have all articulation in his ears ;  
He spells them true by intuition's light,  
And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful as a text,  
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused ; surveying every face,  
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race ;  
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,  
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,  
That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,  
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out ;  
Or academic tutors, teaching youths,  
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths ;  
When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,  
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad address'd.

Friends ! we have lived too long. I never heard  
Sounds such as these so worthy to be fear'd.  
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent  
In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,  
And from their prison-house below arise,  
With all these hideous howlings to the skies,  
I could be much composed, nor should appear,  
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.  
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders roll'd  
All night, me resting quiet in the fold.  
Or, heard we that tremendous bray alone,  
I could expound the melancholy tone ;

Should deem it by our old companion made,  
The ass ; for he, we know, has lately stray'd,  
And being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide,  
Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.  
But ah ! those dreadful yells what soul can hear  
That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear ?  
Demons produce them, doubtless ; brazen-claw'd,  
And fang'd with brass, the demons are abroad ;  
I hold it, therefore, wisest and most fit,  
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.

Him answer'd then his loving mate and true,  
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.

How ! leap into the pit our life to save ?  
To save our life leap all into the grave ?  
For can we find it less ? Contemplate first  
The depth, how awful ! falling there, we burst :  
Or should the brambles, interposed, our fall  
In part abate, that happiness were small ;  
For with a race like theirs no chance I see  
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.  
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,  
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,  
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues  
Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,  
Sounds are but sounds, and, till the cause appear,  
We have at least commodious standing here.  
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast,  
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last.

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,  
For Reynard, close attended at his heels  
By panting dog, tired man, and spatter'd horse,  
Through mere good fortune, took a different course.  
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road  
Following, that led me to my own abode,

Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had found  
Such cause of terror in an empty sound,  
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

## MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

## TO JOHN JOHNSON,

ON HIS PRESENTING ME WITH AN ANTIQUE  
BUST OF HOMER.

[May, 1793.]

KINSMAN beloved, and as a son, by me!  
When I behold this fruit of thy regard,  
The sculptured form of my old favourite Bard,  
I reverence feel for him, and love for thee.  
Joy too and grief. Much joy that there should be  
Wise men and learn'd, who grudge not to reward  
With some applause my bold attempt and hard,  
Which others scorn : critics by courtesy.  
The grief is this, that, sunk in Homer's mine,  
I lose my precious years, now soon to fail,  
Handling his gold, which howsoe'er it shine,  
Proves dross when balanced in the Christian scale.  
Be wiser thou—like our forefather *DONNE*,  
Seek heavenly wealth, and work for God alone.





## BOADICEA.

### AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath a spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage, and full of grief :

Princess ! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt ;  
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,  
Tramples on a thousand states ;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name ;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew,  
Thy posterity shall sway ;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they.

Such the Bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow :  
Rush'd to battle, fought and died ;  
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
Empire is on us bestow'd,  
Shame and ruin wait for you.

---

## HEROISM.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire  
Slept unperceived, the mountain yet entire ;  
When, conscious of no danger from below,  
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.  
No thunders shook, with deep intestine sound,  
The blooming groves that girdled her around ;  
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines  
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines),  
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain assured,  
In peace upon her sloping sides matured.  
When on a day, like that of the last doom,  
A conflagration labouring in her womb,  
She teem'd and heaved with an infernal birth,  
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.  
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,  
And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies,  
While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,  
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.

But, oh ! what Muse, and in what powers of song,  
Can trace the torrent as it burns along ?  
Havock and devastation in the van,  
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,  
Vines, olives, herbage, forests, disappear,  
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,  
See it an uninform'd and idle mass ;  
Without a soil to invite the tiller's care,  
Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.  
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve ?)  
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.  
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,  
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.  
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,  
O charming Paradise of short-lived sweets !  
The self-same gale, that wafts the fragrance round,  
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound :  
Again the mountain feels the imprison'd foe,  
Again pours ruin on the vale below.  
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,  
That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,  
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,  
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,  
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence ;  
Behold, in Ætna's emblematic fires,  
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires !

Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,  
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,  
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,  
Studious of peace, their neighbours', and their own.  
Ill-fated race ! how deeply must they rue  
Their only crime—vicinity to you !

The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,  
Through the ripe harvest lies their destined road ;  
At every step beneath their feet they tread  
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !  
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress  
Before them, and behind a wilderness.  
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,  
Attend to finish what the sword begun ;  
And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,  
And Folly pays, resound at your return.  
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train  
Of heartfelt joys, succeeds not soon again,  
And years of pining indigence must show  
What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees  
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease),  
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,  
Gleans up the refuse of the general spoil,  
Rebuilds the towers that smoked upon the plain,  
And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce, and reviving art,  
Renew the quarrel on the conqueror's part ;  
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,  
That wealth within is ruin at the door.

What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,  
But *Ætnas* of the suffering world ye sway ?  
Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,  
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe ;  
And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,  
To prove you there destroyers, as ye are.

O place me in some Heaven-protected isle,  
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;  
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,  
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;

Where Power secures what Industry has won ;  
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;  
 A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,  
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign !

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

" Amicitia nisi inter bonos esse non potest."

CICERO.

[1782.]

WHAT virtue can we name, or grace,  
 But men unqualified and base  
     Will boast it their possession ?  
 Profusion apes the noble part  
 Of liberality of heart,  
     And dulness, of discretion.

But as the gem of richest cost  
 Is ever counterfeited most,  
     So, always, imitation  
 Employs the utmost skill she can  
 To counterfeit the faithful man,  
     The friend of long duration.

Some will pronounce me too severe,  
 But long experience speaks me clear ;  
     Therefore, that censure scorning,  
 I will proceed to mark the shelves  
 On which so many dash themselves,  
     And give the simple warning.

Youth, unadmonish'd by a guide,  
Will trust to any fair outside,—  
    An error soon corrected ;  
For who but learns, with riper years,  
That man, when smoothest he appears,  
    Is most to be suspected ?

But here again a danger lies,  
Lest, thus deluded by our eyes,  
    And taking trash for treasure,  
We should, when undeceived, conclude  
Friendship imaginary good,  
    A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare  
Is yet no subject of despair ;  
    Nor should it seem distressful,  
If, either on forbidden ground,  
Or where it was not to be found,  
    We sought it unsuccessful.

No friendship will abide the test  
That stands on sordid interest  
    And mean self-love erected ;  
Nor such as may awhile subsist  
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,  
    For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart  
Himself, well-furnish'd for the part,  
    And ready on occasion  
To show the virtue that he seeks ;  
For 'tis an union that bespeaks  
    A just reciprocation.

A fretful temper will divide  
The closest knot that may be tied,  
By ceaseless sharp corrosion :  
A temper passionate and fierce  
May suddenly your joys disperse  
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite  
With hope of permanent delight ;  
The secret just committed  
They drop, through mere desire to prate,  
Forgetting its important weight,  
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,  
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,  
If envy chance to creep in ;  
An envious man, if you succeed,  
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,  
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,  
So jealousy looks forth distress'd,  
On good that seems approaching ;  
And, if success his steps attend,  
Discerns a rival in a friend,  
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name  
(Unless belied by common fame),  
Are sadly prone to quarrel ;  
To deem the wit a friend displays  
So much of loss to their own praise,  
And pluck each other's laurel.



A man renown'd for repartee  
Will seldom scruple to make free  
    With friendship's finest feeling ;  
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,  
And tell you 'twas a special jest,  
    By way of balm for healing.

Beware of tattlers ; keep your ear  
Close stopp'd against the tales they bear,—  
    Fruits of their own invention ;  
The separation of chief friends  
Is what their kindness most intends ;  
    Their sport is your dissension.

Friendship that wantonly admits  
A joco-serious play of wits  
    In brilliant altercation,  
Is union such as indicates,  
Like Hand-in-Hand insurance plates,  
    Danger of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul  
True as a needle to the pole ;  
    Yet shifting, like the weather,  
The needle's constancy forego  
For any novelty, and show  
    Its variations rather.

Insensibility makes some  
Unseasonably deaf and dumb,  
    When most you need their pity ;  
'Tis waiting till the tears shall fall  
From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,—  
    Those playthings of the City

The great and small but rarely meet  
On terms of amity complete :  
The attempt would scarce be madder,  
Should any, from the bottom, hope  
At one huge stride to reach the top  
Of an erected ladder.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix  
Their heterogeneous politics,  
Without an effervescence,  
Such as of salts with lemon-juice,  
But which is rarely known to induce,  
Like that, a coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,  
And make a calm of human life :  
But even those who differ  
Only on topics left at large,  
How fiercely will they meet and charge !  
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove, alas ! my main intent,  
Needs no great cost of argument,  
No cutting and contriving ;  
Seeking a real friend, we seem  
To adopt the chymist's golden dream,  
With still less hope of thriving.

Then judge, or ere you choose your man,  
As circumspectly as you can,  
And, having made election,  
See that no disrespect of yours,  
Such as a friend but ill endures,  
Enfeeble his affection.

It is not timber, lead, and stone,  
An architect requires alone,  
To finish a great building ;  
The palace were but half complete,  
Could he by any chance forget  
The carving and the gilding.

As similarity of mind,  
Or something not to be defined,  
First rivets our attention ;  
So manners, decent and polite,  
The same we practised at first sight,  
Must save it from declension.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves, by thumping on your back,  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed,  
To pardon or to bear it.

Some friends make this their prudent plan—  
“ Say little, and hear all you can ;”  
Safe policy, but hateful :  
So barren sands imbibe the shower,  
But render neither fruit nor flower,  
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

They whisper trivial things, and small ;  
But, to communicate at all  
Things serious, deem improper ;  
Their feculence and froth they show,  
But keep the best contents below,  
Just like a simmering copper.

These samples (for, alas ! at last  
These are but samples, and a taste  
Of evils yet unmention'd ;) .  
May prove the task, a task indeed,  
In which 'tis much if we succeed,  
However well-intention'd.

Pursue the theme, and you shall find  
A disciplined and furnish'd mind  
To be at least expedient ;  
And, after summing all the rest,  
Religion ruling in the breast  
A principal ingredient.

True friendship has, in short, a grace  
More than terrestrial in its face,  
That proves it Heaven-descended ;  
Man's love of woman not so pure,  
Nor, when sincerest, so secure  
To last till life is ended.

---

TO MRS. THROCKMORTON,  
ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HORACE'S ODE,

"AD LIBRUM SUUM."

[February, 1790.]

MARIA, could Horace have guess'd  
What honour awaited his ode  
To his own little volume address'd,  
The honour which you have bestow'd,—

Who have traced it in characters here,  
So elegant, even, and neat,  
He had laugh'd at the critical sneer  
Which he seems to have trembled to meet.

And sneer, if you please, he had said,  
A nymph shall hereafter arise  
Who shall give me, when you are all dead,  
The glory your malice denies ;  
Shall dignity give to my lay,  
Although but a mere bagatelle ;  
And even a Poet shall say,  
Nothing ever was written so well.

---

## ON A MISCHIEVOUS BULL,

WHICH THE OWNER OF HIM SOLD AT THE  
AUTHOR'S INSTANCE.

Go—thou art all unfit to share  
The pleasures of this place  
With such as its old tenants are,  
Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his hoard provides,  
Aware of wintry storms,  
And woodpeckers explore the sides  
Of rugged oaks, for worms.

The sheep here smoothes the knotted thorn  
With frictions of her fleece ;  
And here I wander, eve and morn, •  
Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah !—I could pity thee exiled  
From this secure retreat—  
I would not lose it to be styled  
The happiest of the great.

But thou canst taste no calm delight ;  
Thy pleasure is to show  
Thy magnanimity in fight,  
Thy prowess—therefore go—

I care not whether east or north,  
So I no more may find thee ;  
The angry Muse thus sings thee forth,  
And claps the gate behind thee.

---

ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON,  
THE NIGHT OF THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH,  
1789.

WHEN, long sequester'd from his throne,  
George took his seat again,  
By right of worth, not blood alone,  
Entitled here to reign,

Then Loyalty, with all his lamps  
 New trimm'd, a gallant show !  
 Chasing the darkness and the damps,  
 Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of streets or squares,  
 Which form'd the chief display,  
 These most resembling cluster'd stars,  
 Those the long milky way.

Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,  
 And rockets flew, self-driven,  
 To hang their momentary fires  
 Amid the vault of Heaven.

So fire with water to compare,  
 The ocean serves, on high  
 Up-spouted by a whale in air,  
 To express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world  
 In one procession join'd,  
 And all the banners been unfurl'd  
 That heralds e'er design'd,

For no such sight had England's Queen  
 Forsaken her retreat,  
 Where George recover'd, made a scene,  
 Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove,  
 A witness undescried,  
 How much the object of her love  
 Was loved by all beside.

Darkness the skies had mantled o'er  
 In aid of her design——  
 Darkness, O Queen! ne'er call'd before  
 To veil a deed of thine!

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,  
 Resolved to be unknown,  
 And gratify no curious eyes,  
 That night, except her own.

Arrived, a night like noon she sees,  
 And hears the million hum;  
 As all by instinct, like the bees,  
 Had known their sovereign come.

Pleas'd she beheld aloft portray'd  
 On many a splendid wall,  
 Emblems of health, and heavenly aid,  
 And George the theme of all:

Unlike the ænigmatic line,  
 So difficult to spell,  
 Which shook Belshazzar at his wine,  
 The night his city fell.

Soon, wat'ry grew her eyes and dim,  
 But with a joyful tear;  
 None else, except in prayer for him,  
 George ever drew from her.

It was a scene in every part  
 Like those in fable feign'd,  
 And seem'd by some magician's art  
 Created and sustain'd.



But other magic there, she knew,  
Had been exerted none,  
To raise such wonders in her view,  
Save love of George alone.

That cordial thought her spirit cheer'd,  
And through the cumbrous throng,  
Not else unworthy to be fear'd,  
Convey'd her calm along.

So, ancient poets say, serene  
The sea-maid rides the waves,  
And, fearless of the billowy scene,  
Her peaceful bosom laves.

With more than astronomic eyes  
She view'd the sparkling show ;  
One Georgian star adorns the skies,  
She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night  
Like that, once seen, suffice,  
Heaven grant us no such future sight,  
Such previous woe the price !

## ANNUS MEMORABILIS, 1789.

WRITTEN IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
HAPPY RECOVERY.

I RANSACK'D, for a theme of song,  
Much ancient chronicle, and long ;  
I read of bright embattled fields,  
Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields,  
Of chiefs, whose single arm could boast  
Prowess to dissipate a host ;  
Through tomes of fable and of dream  
I sought an eligible theme,  
But none I found, or found them shared  
Already by some happier Bard.

To modern times, with truth to guide  
My busy search, I next applied ;  
Here cities won, and fleets dispersed,  
Urged loud a claim to be rehearsed,  
Deeds of unperishing renown,  
Our fathers' triumphs and our own.

Thus, as the bee, from bank to bower,  
Assiduous sips at every flower,  
But rests on none, till that be found  
Where most nectareous sweets abound,  
So I from theme to theme, display'd  
In many a page historic, stray'd,  
Siege after siege, fight after fight,  
Contemplating with small delight,  
(For feats of sanguinary hue  
Not always glitter in my view ;)  
Till, settling on the current year,  
I found the far-sought treasure near.

A theme for poetry divine,  
A theme to ennoble even mine,  
In memorable eighty-nine.

The Spring of eighty-nine shall be  
An æra cherish'd long by me,  
Which joyful I will oft record,  
And thankful, at my frugal board ;  
For then the clouds of eighty-eight,  
That threaten'd England's trembling state  
With loss of what she least could spare,  
Her sovereign's tutelary care,  
One breath of Heav'n, that cried—Restore !  
Chased, never to assemble more :  
And for the richest crown on earth,  
If valued by its wearer's worth,  
The symbol of a righteous reign  
Sat fast on George's brows again.

Then peace and joy again possess'd  
Our Queen's long-agitated breast ;  
Such joy and peace as can be known  
By sufferers like herself alone,  
Who losing, or supposing lost,  
The good on earth they valued most,  
For that dear sorrow's sake forego  
All hope of happiness below,  
Then suddenly regain the prize,  
And flash thanksgivings to the skies !

O Queen of Albion, queen of isles !  
Since all thy tears were changed to smiles,  
The eyes that never saw thee, shine  
With joy not unallied to thine ;  
Transports not chargeable with art  
Illumine the land's remotest part,  
And strangers to the air of courts,  
Both in their toils and at their sports,

The happiness of answer'd prayers,  
That gilds thy features, show in theirs.  
If they, who on thy state attend,  
Awe-struck, before thy presence bend,  
'Tis but the natural effect  
Of grandeur that ensures respect ;  
But she is something more than Queen,  
Who is beloved where never seen.

---

## GRATITUDE.

ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH.

[1786.]

THIS cap, that so stately appears,  
With ribbon-bound tassel on high,  
Which seems, by the crest that it rears,  
Ambitious of brushing the sky :  
This cap to my cousin I owe,  
She gave it, and gave me beside,  
Wreathed into an elegant bow,  
The ribbon with which it is tied :

This wheel-footed studying chair,  
Contrived both for toil and repose,  
Wide-elbow'd, and wadded with hair,  
In which I both scribble and dose,  
Bright-studded to dazzle the eyes,  
And rival in lustre of that  
In which, or astronomy lies,  
Fair Cassiopeia sat :

These carpets so soft to the foot,  
Caledonia's traffic and pride !  
Oh, spare them, ye knights of the boot,  
Escap'd from a cross-country ride !  
This table and mirror within,  
Secure from collision and dust,  
At which I oft shave cheek and chin,  
And periwig nicely adjust :

This movable structure of shelves,  
For its beauty admired and its use,  
And charged with octavos and twelves,  
The gayest I had to produce ;  
Where, flaming in scarlet and gold,  
*My* poems enchanted I view,  
And hope, in due time, to behold  
*My* Iliad and Odyssey too :

This china, that decks the alcove,  
Which here people call a buffet,  
But what the gods call it above,  
Has ne'er been reveal'd to us yet :  
These curtains, that keep the room warm  
Or cool, as the season demands,  
Those stoves that for pattern and form,  
Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands.

All these are not half that I owe  
To One, from our earliest youth  
To me ever ready to show  
Benignity, friendship, and truth ;  
For Time, the destroyer declared,  
And foe of our perishing kind,  
If even her face he has spared,  
Much less could he alter her mind.

Thus compass'd about with the goods  
And chattels of leisure and ease,  
I indulge my poetical moods  
In many such fancies as these ;  
And fancies I fear they will seem—  
Poets' goods are not often so fine ;  
The Poets will swear that I dream  
When I sing of the splendour of mine.

---

## TO MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A NETWORK PURSE,  
MADE BY HERSELF.

[May 4, 1793.]

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,  
When I was young, and thou no more  
Than plaything for a nurse,  
I danced and fondled on my knee,  
A kitten both in size and glee,  
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here ;  
But not of love ;—that gem's too dear  
For richest rogues to win it ;  
I, therefore, as a proof of love,  
Esteem thy present far above  
The best things kept within it.

## A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN.

[December 17, 1781.]

DEAR ANNA, between friend and friend,  
 Prose answers every common end ;  
 Serves, in a plain and homely way,  
 To express the occurrence of the day ;  
 Our health, the weather, and the news ;  
 What walks we take, what books we choose ;  
 And all the floating thoughts we find  
 Upon the surface of the mind.

But when a Poet takes the pen,  
 Far more alive than other men,  
 He feels a gentle tingling come  
 Down to his finger and his thumb,  
 Derived from Nature's noblest part,  
 The centre of a glowing heart :  
 And this is what the world, which knows  
 No flights above the pitch of prose,  
 His more sublime vagaries slighting,  
 Denominates an itch for writing.  
 No wonder I, who scribble rhyme  
 To catch the triflers of the time,  
 And tell them truths divine and clear,  
 Which, couch'd in prose, they will not hear ;  
 Who labour hard to allure and draw  
 The loiterers I never saw,  
 Should feel that itching, and that tingling,  
 With all my purpose intermingling,  
 To your intrinsic merit true,  
 When call'd to address myself to you.

Mysterious are His ways, whose power  
 Brings forth that unexpected hour,  
 When minds, that never met before,  
 Shall meet, unite, and part no more :  
 It is the allotment of the skies,  
 The hand of the Supremely Wise,  
 That guides and governs our affections,  
 And plans and orders our connexions :  
 Directs us in our distant road,  
 And marks the bounds of our abode.  
 Thus we were settled when you found us,  
 Peasants and children all around us,  
 Not dreaming of so dear a friend,  
 Deep in the abyss of Silver-End.\*  
 Thus Martha, e'en against her will,  
 Perch'd on the top of yonder hill ;  
 And you, though you must needs prefer  
 The fairer scenes of sweet Sancerre,†  
 Are come from distant Loire, to choose  
 A cottage on the banks of Ouse.  
 This page of Providence quite new,  
 And now just opening to our view,  
 Employs our present thoughts and pains,  
 To guess and spell what it contains :  
 But, day by day, and year by year,  
 Will make the dark enigma clear ;  
 And furnish us, perhaps, at last,  
 Like other scenes already past,  
 With proof, that we, and our affairs,  
 Are part of a Jehovah's cares :

\* An obscure part of Olney, adjoining to the residence of Cowper which faced the market-place.

† Lady Austen's residence in France.



For God unfolds, by slow degrees,  
 The purport of His deep decrees ;  
 Sheds, every hour, a clearer light  
 In aid of our defective sight ;  
 And spreads, at length, before the soul,  
 A beautiful and perfect whole,  
 Which busy man's inventive brain  
 Toils to anticipate, in vain.

Say, Anna, had you never known  
 The beauties of a rose full blown,  
 Could you, though luminous your eye,  
 By looking on the bud, descry,  
 Or guess, with a prophetic power,  
 The future splendour of the flower ?  
 Just so, the Omnipotent, who turns  
 The system of a world's concerns,  
 From mere minutiae can educe  
 Events of most important use ;  
 And bid a dawning sky display  
 The blaze of a meridian day.  
 The works of man tend, one and all,  
 As needs they must, from great to small ;  
 And vanity absorbs at length  
 The monuments of human strength.  
 But who can tell how vast the plan  
 Which this day's incident began ?  
 Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion  
 For our dim-sighted observation ;  
 It pass'd unnoticed, as the bird  
 That cleaves the yielding air unheard,  
 And yet may prove, when understood,  
 An harbinger of endless good.

Not that I deem, or mean to call  
 Friendship a blessing cheap or small :

But merely to remark, that ours,  
Like some of Nature's sweetest flowers,  
Rose from a seed of tiny size,  
That seem'd to promise no such prize ;  
A transient visit intervening,  
And made almost without a meaning  
(Hardly the effect of inclination,  
Much less of pleasing expectation),  
Produced a friendship, then begun,  
That has cemented us in one ;  
And placed it in our power to prove,  
By long fidelity and love,  
That Solomon has wisely spoken ;  
" A three-fold cord is not soon broken."

---

## TO MRS. KING,

ON HER KIND PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR ; A PATCH-  
WORK COUNTERPANE OF HER OWN MAKING.

[August 14, 1790.]

THE Bard, if e'er he feel at all,  
Must sure be quicken'd by a call  
Both on his heart and head,  
To pay with tuneful thanks the care  
And kindness of a Lady fair  
Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,  
On Ida's barren top sublime  
(As Homer's Epic shows),  
Composed of sweetest vernal flowers,  
Without the aid of sun or showers,  
For Jove and Juno rose.

Less beautiful, however gay,  
Is that which, in the scorching day,  
Receives the weary swain  
Who, laying his long scythe aside,  
Sleeps on some bank with daisies pied,  
'Till roused to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see !  
Looms numberless have groan'd for me !  
Should every maiden come  
To scramble for the patch that bears  
The impress of the robe she wears,  
The bell would toll for some.

And oh, what havoc would ensue !  
This bright display of every hue  
All in a moment fled !  
As if a storm should strip the bowers  
Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flowers—  
Each pocketing a shred.

Thanks, then, to every gentle fair  
Who will not come to peck me bare  
As bird of borrow'd feather ;  
And thanks to One above them all,  
The gentle Fair of Pertenhall,  
Who put the whole together.

## SONNET,

TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

[April 16, 1792.]

THY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,  
 Hears thee, by cruel men and impious, call'd  
 Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose the enthrall'd  
 From exile, public sale, and Slavery's chain.  
 Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,  
 Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.  
 Thou hast achieved a part ; hast gain'd the ear  
 Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause ;  
 Hope smiles, Joy springs, and, though cold Caution pause  
 And weave delay, the better hour is near  
 That shall remunerate thy toils severe  
 By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.  
 Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love  
 From all the Just on earth, and all the Blest above.

TO DR. AUSTIN,

OF CECIL STREET, LONDON.

[May 26, 1792.]

AUSTIN ! accept a grateful verse from me,  
 The poet's treasure, no inglorious fee.  
 Loved by the Muses, thy ingenuous mind  
 Pleasing requital in my verse may find ;

Verse oft has dash'd the scythe of Time aside,  
 Immortalizing names which else had died :  
 And O ! could I command the glittering wealth  
 With which sick kings are glad to purchase health !  
 Yet, if extensive fame, and sure to live,  
 Were in the power of verse like mine to give,  
 I would not recompense his art with less,  
 Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.

Friend of my friend !\* I love thee, though unknown,  
 And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

## SONNET,

TO GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

On his picture of me in Crayons, drawn at Eartham, in the 61st year  
 of my age, and in the months of August  
 and September, 1792.

[October, 1792.]

ROMNEY, expert infallibly to trace  
 On chart or canvass, not the form alone  
 And semblance, but, however faintly shown,  
 The mind's impression too on every face—  
 With strokes that time ought never to erase  
 Thou hast so pencil'd mine that, though I own  
 The subject worthless, I have never known  
 The artist shining with superior grace.

• Hayley.

But this I mark—that symptoms none of woe  
In thy incomparable work appear.  
Well—I am satisfied it should be so,  
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear ;  
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see  
When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee ?

---

## TO MRS. UNWIN.

[May, 1793.]

MARY ! I want a lyre with other strings,  
Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,  
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new  
And undebased by praise of meaner things,  
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,  
I may record thy worth with honour due,  
In verse as musical as thou art true,  
And that immortalizes whom it sings.  
But thou hast little need. There is a book  
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright ;  
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,  
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

## TO MARY.

[Autumn of 1793.]

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,  
 Since first our sky was overcast ;  
 Ah, would that this might be the last !  
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
 I see thee daily weaker grow—  
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,  
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,  
 For my sake restless heretofore,  
 Now rust disused, and shine no more ;  
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
 The same kind office for me still,  
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,  
My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,  
 And all thy threads with magic art  
 Have wound themselves about this heart,  
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
 Like language utter'd in a dream !  
 Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary !

For, could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see ?  
The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign ;  
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,  
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,  
That now at every step thou movest  
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lovest,  
My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,  
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,  
How oft the sadness that I show,  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,  
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,  
My Mary !



# ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TO THE MARCH IN SCIPIO. WRITTEN WHEN  
THE NEWS ARRIVED.

[September, 1782.]

TOLL for the brave !  
The brave that are no more !  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset ;  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;  
His last sea-fight is fought ;  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;  
No tempest gave the shock ;  
She sprang no fatal leak ;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes !  
And mingle with our cup  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again  
Full-charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er ;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

## STANZAS,

Subjoined to the YEARLY BILL of MORTALITY of the Parish of  
ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTON,\* Anno Domini 1787.

---

*" Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres."* HORACE.

Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door  
Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

---

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run  
The Nen's barge-laden wave,  
All these, life's rambling journey done,  
Have found their home, the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail  
Than in foregoing years ?  
Did famine or did plague prevail,  
That so much death appears ?

No ; these were vigorous as their sires ;  
Nor plague nor famine came :  
This annual tribute Death requires,  
And never waives his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,  
And some are mark'd to fall ;  
The axe will smite at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.

\* Composed for John Cox, parish clerk of Northampton.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,  
With its new foliage on,  
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,  
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth  
With which I charge my page ;  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure  
For yet an hour to come ;  
No medicine, though it oft can cure,  
Can always baulk the tomb.

And O ! that, humble as my lot,  
And scorn'd as is my strain,  
These truths, though known, too much forgot,  
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,  
And, ere he quits the pen,  
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part,  
And answer all—Amen !

## ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

---

"Quod adest, memento  
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis  
Ritu feruntur." HORACE.

Improve the present hour, for all beside  
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

---

COULD I, from Heaven inspired, as sure presage  
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,  
As I can number in my punctual page,  
And item down the victims of the past ;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,  
On which the press might stamp him next to die ;  
And, reading here his sentence, how replete  
With anxious meaning, Heavenward turn his eye !

Time then would seem more precious than the joys  
In which he sports away the treasure now ;  
And prayer more seasonable than the noise  
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then, doubtless, many a trifler, on the brink  
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,  
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,  
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah, self-deceived ! Could I prophetic say  
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,  
The rest might then seem privileged to play ;  
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light  
They bound, and airy, o'er the sunny glade—  
One falls—the rest, wide scatter'd with affright,  
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,  
Still need repeated warnings, and, at last,  
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,  
Die self-accused of life run all to waste ?

Sad waste ! for which no after-thrift atones ;  
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin ;  
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,  
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living ! by the mouths be taught  
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,  
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,  
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

## ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1789.

---

—"Placidâque ibi demum morte quievit."

VIRGIL.

There calm at length he breathed his soul away.

---

"O most delightful hour by man

"Experienced here below,

"The hour that terminates his span,

"His folly, and his woe!

"Worlds should not bribe me back to tread

"Again life's dreary waste,

"To see again my day o'erspread

"With all the gloomy past.

"My home henceforth is in the skies,

"Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!

"All Heaven unfolded to my eyes,

"I have no sight for you."

So spake Aspasio, firm possess'd

Of faith's supporting rod;

Then breathed his soul into its rest,

The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few  
Sincere on Virtue's side ;  
And all his strength from Scripture drew,  
To hourly use applied.

That rule he prized ; by that he fear'd,  
He hated, hoped, and loved ;  
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,  
But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,  
And evil felt within :  
But, when he felt it, heaved a sigh,  
And loathed the thought of sin.

Such lived Aspasio ; and at last  
Call'd up from earth to Heaven,  
The gulf of death triumphant pass'd,  
By gales of blessing driven.

*His* joys be *mine*, each reader cries,  
When my last hour arrives :  
They shall be yours, my verse replies,—  
Such only be your lives.



## ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

---

"Ne commonentem recta sperne."

BUCHANAN.

Despise not my good counsel.

---

HE who sits from day to day,  
Where the prison'd lark is hung,  
Heedless of his loudest lay,  
Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman, in his round,  
Nightly lifts his voice on high,  
None accusom'd to the sound  
Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and clerk,  
Yearly in my song proclaim  
Death at hand—yourselves his mark—  
And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,  
Publishing to all aloud—  
Soon the grave must be your home,  
And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,  
Oft repeated in your ears,  
Seems to sound too much in vain,  
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth by all confess'd  
Of such magnitude and weight,  
Grow, by being oft impress'd,  
Trivial as a parrot's prate ?

Pleasure's call attention wins,  
Hear it often as we may ;  
New as ever seem our sins,  
Though committed every day.

Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell,  
These alone, so often heard,  
No more move us than the bell,  
When some stranger is interr'd.

O then, ere the turf or tomb  
Cover us from every eye,  
Spirit of instruction come,  
Make us learn that we must die.

## ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

---

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!"

VIRGIL.

Happy the mortal, who has traced effects  
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,  
And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires.

---

THANKLESS for favours from on high,  
Man thinks he fades too soon ;  
Though 'tis his privilege to die,  
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan  
His best concerns aright,  
Would gladly stretch life's little span  
To ages, if he might.

To ages, in a world of pain,  
To ages, where he goes  
Gall'd by Affliction's heavy chain,  
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,  
Enamour'd of its harm !  
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,  
And still has power to charm.

Whence has the World her magic power ?  
Why deem we Death a foe ?  
Recoil from weary life's best hour,  
And covet longer woe ?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft  
Her tale of guilt renews :  
Her voice is terrible, though soft,  
And dread of death ensues.

Then, anxious to be longer spared,  
Man mourns his fleeting breath :  
All evils then seem light, compared  
With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgment shakes him ; there's the fear  
That prompts the wish to stay :  
He has incurr'd a long arrear,  
And must despair to pay.

*Pay !*—follow Christ, and all is paid ;  
His death your peace ensures ;  
Think on the grave where *He* was laid,  
And calm descend to *yours*.

## ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

---

"De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur."

CIC. DE LEG.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.

---

HE lives, who lives to God alone,  
And all are dead beside ;  
For other source than God is none,  
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite  
His love as best we may ;  
To make His precepts our delight,  
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring  
Of giddy joys comprised,  
Is falsely named, and no such thing,  
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,  
Who only live to prove  
For what poor toys they can disclaim  
An endless life above ?

Who much diseased, yet nothing feel ;  
Much menaced, nothing dread ;  
Have wounds which only God can heal,  
Yet never ask His aid ?

Who deem His house a useless place,  
Faith, want of common sense ;  
And ardour in the Christian race,  
A hypocrite's pretence ?

Who trample order ; and the day  
Which God asserts His own,  
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,  
And worship Chance alone ?

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd  
On word and deed, imply  
The better part of man unblest'd  
With life that cannot die ;

Such want it ; and that want uncured,  
Till man resigns his breath,  
Speaks him a criminal, assured  
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course !  
Yet so will God repay  
Sabbaths profaned without remorse,  
And mercy cast away.

## INSCRIPTION

For a Stone erected at the sowing of a Grove of Oaks at Chillington,  
the Seat of T. GIFFARD, Esq., 1790.

[June, 1790.]

OTHER stones the era tell,  
When some feeble mortal fell ;  
I stand here to date the birth  
Of these hardy sons of earth.

Which shall longest brave the sky,  
Storm and frost—these oaks or I ?  
Pass an age or two away,  
I must moulder and decay,  
But the years that crumble me  
Shall invigorate the tree,  
Spread its branch, dilate its size,  
Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honour, virtue, truth,  
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.  
Wanting these, however fast  
Man be fix'd, and form'd to last,  
He is lifeless even now,  
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

## IN MEMORY

OF THE LATE JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

[November, 1790.]

POETS attempt the noblest task they can,  
 Praising the Author of all good in man ;  
 And, next, commemorating worthies lost,  
 The dead in whom that good abounded most.

Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but more  
 Famed for thy probity from shore to shore,  
 Thee, THORNTON ! worthy in some page to shine,  
 As honest, and more eloquent than mine,  
 I mourn ; or, since thrice happy thou must be,  
 The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.  
 Thee to deplore, were grief mispent indeed ;  
 It were to weep that goodness has its meed,—  
 That there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,  
 And glory for the virtuous, when they die.

What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,  
 Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,  
 Sweet as the privilege of healing woe,  
 By virtue suffer'd, combating below ?  
 That privilege was thine : Heaven gave thee means  
 To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,  
 Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn  
 As midnight, and despairing of a morn.  
 Thou hadst an industry in doing good,  
 Restless as his who toils and sweats for food.



Avarice, in thee, was the desire of wealth  
 By rust unperishable, or by stealth ;  
 And if the genuine worth of gold depend  
 On application to its noblest end,  
 Thine had a value, in the scales of Heaven,  
 Surpassing all that mine or mint had given.  
 And, though God made thee of a nature prone  
 To distribution boundless of thy own,—  
 And still, by motives of religious force,  
 Impell'd thee more to that heroic course,—  
 Yet was thy liberality discreet,  
 Nice in its choice, and of a temper'd heat ;  
 And, though in act unwearied, secret still,  
 As in some solitude the summer rill  
 Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,  
 And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

Such was thy charity ; no sudden start,  
 After long sleep, of passion in the heart,  
 But steadfast principle, and, in its kind,  
 Of close relation to the Eternal Mind,  
 Traced easily to its true source above,—  
 To Him, whose works bespeak his nature, Love.

Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make  
 This record of thee for the Gospel's sake ;  
 That the incredulous themselves may see  
 Its use and power exemplified in Thee.

## VERSES

## TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD.

Translated from the Latin as spoken at the Westminster Election  
next after his decease.

OUR good old friend is gone,—gone to his rest,  
Whose social converse was itself a feast.  
O ye of riper age, who recollect  
How once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,  
Both in the firmness of his better day,  
While yet he ruled you with a father's sway,  
And when, impaired by time, and glad to rest,  
Yet still, with looks in mild complacence drest,  
He took his annual seat, and mingled here  
His sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear.  
In morals blameless as in manners meek,  
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak,  
But, happy in whatever state below,  
And richer than the rich in being so,  
Obtain'd the hearts of all, and such a meed  
At length from One,\* as made him rich indeed.  
Hence, then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here,  
Go, garnish merit in a brighter sphere,—  
The brows of those whose more exalted lot  
He could congratulate, but envied not.

Light lie the turf, good Senior! on thy breast,  
And tranquil as thy mind was, be thy rest!  
Though, living, thou hadst more desert than fame,  
And not a stone, now, chronicles thy name.

\* He was usher and under-master of Westminster near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near seventy, with a handsome pension from the King.

## EPITAPH

ON MRS. M. HIGGINS, OF WESTON.

[1791.]

LAURELS may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,  
 But happiest they who win the world to come :  
 Believers have a silent field to fight,  
 And their exploits are veil'd from human sight.  
 They, in some nook, where, little known, they dwell,  
 Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell ;  
 Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,  
 And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.

## EPITAPH ON "FOP,"

A DOG BELONGING TO LADY THROCKMORTON.

[August, 1792.]

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,  
 Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim.  
 No sycophant, although of spaniel race,  
 And, though no hound, a martyr to the chase—  
 Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,  
 Your haunts no longer echo to his voice ;  
 This record of his fate exulting view,  
 He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.

"Yes,"—the indignant shade of Fop replies—  
 "And worn with vain pursuit man also dies."

# EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
 Nor swifter greyhound follow,—  
 Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
 Nor ear heard huntsman's hollo' ;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,  
 Who, nursed with tender care,  
 And to domestic bounds confined,  
 Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took  
 His pittance every night,  
 He did it with a jealous look,  
 And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,  
 And milk, and oats, and straw ;  
 Thistles, or lettuces instead,  
 With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,  
 On pippins' russet peel,  
 And, when his juicy salads fail'd,  
 Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
 Whereon he loved to bound,—  
 To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
 And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,  
For then he lost his fear,  
But most before approaching showers,  
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years, and five round-rolling moons,  
He thus saw steal away,  
Dozing out all his idle noons,  
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,  
For he would oft beguile  
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,  
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut shade  
He finds his long last home,  
And waits, in snug concealment laid,  
Till gentler Puss shall come :

He, still more aged, feels the shocks  
From which no care can save,  
And, partner once of Tiney's box,  
Must soon partake his grave.

## LINES,

Composed for a Memorial of ASHLEY COWPER, Esq., immediately  
after his death, by his Nephew WILLIAM, of Weston.

[June, 1788.]

FAREWELL ! endued with all that could engage  
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age !  
In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd  
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old ;  
In life's last stage (O ! blessings rarely found),  
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd ;  
Through every period of this changeful state  
Unchanged thyself—wise, good, affectionate !

Marble may flatter ; and, lest this should seem  
O'ercharged with praises on so dear a theme,  
Although thy worth be more than half suppress'd,  
Love *shall* be satisfied, and veil the rest.



## HYMN,

FOR THE USE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLNEY.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,  
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place,  
From infants made the public care,  
And taught to seek Thy face.

Thanks for Thy word, and for Thy day,  
And grant us, we implore,  
Never to waste, in sinful play,  
Thy holy sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear,—but O impart  
To each desires sincere,  
That we may listen with our heart,  
And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage  
Of older far than we,  
What hope, that, at our heedless age,  
Our minds should e'er be free ?

Much hope, if Thou our spirits take  
Under Thy gracious sway,  
Who canst the wisest wiser make,  
And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss Thy Word bestows,  
A sun that ne'er declines ;  
And be thy mercies shower'd on *those*  
Who placed us where it shines.



## THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN ;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE  
INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A trainband Captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

To morrow is our wedding day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.

He soon replied—I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linendraper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the Callender  
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—That's well said ;  
And, for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnish'd with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;  
O'erjoy'd was he to find  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
Where they did all get in ;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again :

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore :  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,  
" The wine is left behind !"

Good lack ! quoth he—yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed :

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, Fair and softly, John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;  
Away went hat and wig ;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung ;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all ;  
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done !  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?  
His fame soon spread around,—  
He carries weight ! he rides a race !  
'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw !

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back,  
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols did he play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house—  
They all at once did cry ;  
The dinner waits, and we are tired :  
Said Gilpin—So am I !

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there ;  
For why ?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong ;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the Callender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The Callender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke,  
And thus unto the Callender  
In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come ;  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.

The Callender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus show'd his ready wit,—  
My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away,  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.

So, turning to his horse, he said,  
I am in haste to dine ;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why ? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pull'd out half-a-crown ;



And thus unto the youth she said,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain ;  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :—

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that pass'd that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race :

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,  
And Gilpin, long live he ;  
And, when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !

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#### TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

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##### I. THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,  
A worm is known to stray,  
That shows by night a lucid beam,  
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,  
From whence his rays proceed ;  
Some give that honour to his tail,  
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of might,  
That kindles up the skies,  
Gives *him* a modicum of light  
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestow'd,  
To bid the traveller, as he went,  
Be careful where he trod :

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light  
Might serve, however small,  
To show a stumbling stone by night,  
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine  
Is legible and plain,  
'Tis Power almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme  
Teach humbler thoughts to you,  
Since such a reptile has its gem,  
And boasts its splendour too.

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## II. THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird who, by his coat,  
And by the hoarseness of his note,  
Might be supposed a crow ;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where, bishoplike, he finds a perch,  
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,  
That turns and turns, to indicate  
    From what point blows the weather ;  
Look up—your brains begin to swim,  
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,  
    He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,  
Thither he wings his airy flight,  
    And thence securely sees  
The bustle and the raree-show  
That occupy mankind below,  
    Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses  
On future broken bones and bruises,  
    If he should chance to fall.  
No ; not a single thought like that  
Employs his philosophic pate,  
    Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,  
The world, with all its motley rout,  
    Church, army, physic, law,  
Its customs, and its businesses,  
Is no concern at all of his,  
    And says—what says he ?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen  
Much of the vanities of men ;  
    And, sick of having seen 'em,  
Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
For such a pair of wings as thine,  
    And such a head between 'em.



### III. THE PARROT.

In painted plumes superbly dress'd,  
A native of the gorgeous east,  
By many a billow toss'd ;  
Poll gains at length the British shore,  
Part of the captain's precious store,  
A present to his toast.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd  
To teach him now and then a word,  
As Poll can master it ;  
But 'tis her own important charge  
To qualify him more at large,  
And make him quite a wit.

Sweet Poll ! his doting mistress cries,  
Sweet Poll ! the mimic bird replies ;  
    And calls aloud for sack.  
She next instructs him in the kiss ;  
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,  
    And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears ;  
And, listening close with both his ears,  
    Just catches at the sound,  
But soon articulates aloud,  
Much to the amusement of the crowd,  
    And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice  
His humorous talent next employs ;  
    He scolds and gives the lie.  
And now he sings, and now is sick,  
Here Sally, Susan, come, come quick,  
    Poor Poll is like to die !

Belinda and her bird ! 'tis rare  
To meet with such a well-match'd pair,  
    The language and the tone,  
Each character in every part  
Sustain'd with so much grace and art,  
    And both in unison.

When children first begin to spell,  
And stammer out a syllable,  
    We think them tedious creatures ;  
But difficulties soon abate  
When birds are to be taught to prate,  
    And women are the teachers.

## IV. THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode,  
 Always harbinger of good,  
 Pay me for thy warm retreat  
 With a song more soft and sweet ;  
 In return thou shalt receive  
 Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,  
 Inoffensive, welcome guest !  
 While the rat is on the scout,  
 And the mouse with curious snout,  
 With what vermin else infest  
 Every dish, and spoil the best ;  
 Frisking thus before the fire,  
 Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be  
 Form'd as if akin to thee,  
 Thou surpassesest, happier far,  
 Happiest grasshoppers that are ;  
 Theirs is but a summer's song,  
 Thine endures the winter long,  
 Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,  
 Melody throughout the year.

Neither night, nor dawn of day,  
 Puts a period to thy play :  
 Sing then—and extend thy span  
 Far beyond the date of man.

Wretched man, whose years are spent  
In repining discontent,  
Lives not, aged though he be,  
Half a span, compared with thee.

## V. RECIPROCAL KINDNESS

### THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

ANDROCLES, from his injured lord, in dread  
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled :  
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,  
He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat ;  
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,  
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :  
He roar'd, approaching : but the savage din  
To plaintive murmurs changed—arrived within,  
And, with expressive looks, his lifted paw  
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.  
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,  
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand,  
But bolder grown, at length inherent found  
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.  
The cure was wrought ; he wiped the sanious blood,  
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.  
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day  
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.  
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,  
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.



But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—  
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge an heavier ill.  
Home! native home! O might he but repair!  
He must—he will, though death attends him there.  
He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands  
Of the full theatre unpitied stands:  
When, lo! the self-same lion from his cage  
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.  
He flies, but viewing, in his purposed prey,  
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,  
And, soften'd by remembrance into sweet  
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.  
Mute with astonishment, the assembly gaze:  
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?  
All this is natural: Nature bade him rend  
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

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## VI. THE THRACIAN.

THRACIAN parents at his birth,  
Mourn their babe with many a tear,  
But, with undissembled mirth,  
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome, with equal scorn,  
“O the savages!” exclaim,  
“Whether they rejoice or mourn,  
“Well entitled to the name!”

But the cause of this concern,  
And this pleasure, would they trace,  
Even they might somewhat learn  
From the savages of Thrace.

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## VII. A MANUAL,

MORE ANCIENT THAN THE ART OF PRINTING, AND  
NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY CATALOGUE.

THERE is a book, which we may call  
(Its excellence is such)  
Alone a library, though small ;  
The ladies thumb it much.

WORDS none, things numerous it contains :  
And, things with words compared,  
Who needs be told, that has his brains,  
Which merits most regard ?

OFTtimes its leaves of scarlet hue  
A golden edging boast ;  
And open'd, it displays to view  
Twelve pages at the most.

NOR name, nor title, stamp'd behind,  
Adorns its outer part :  
But all within 'tis richly lined,  
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands, that secret hoard  
Oft visit : and the fair  
Preserve it, in their bosoms stored,  
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,  
And form'd for various use  
(They need but to consult their eyes),  
They readily produce. .

The largest and the longest kind  
Possess the foremost page,  
A sort most needed by the blind,  
Or nearly such, from age.

The full-charged leaf, which next ensues,  
Presents, in bright array,  
The smaller sort, which matrons use,  
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply  
What their occasions ask,  
Who, with a more discerning eye,  
Perform a nicer task.

But still, with regular decrease,  
From size to size they fall,  
In every leaf grow less and less ;  
The last are least of all.

O! what a fund of genius, pent  
In narrow space, is here !  
This volume's method and intent  
How luminous and clear !

It leaves no reader at a loss  
Or posed, whoever reads :  
No commentator's tedious gloss,  
Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er ;  
No book is treasured there,  
Nor yet in Granta's numerous store,  
That may with this compare.

No !—rival none in either host  
Of this was ever seen,  
Or, that contents could justly boast,  
So brilliant and so keen.

---

### VIII. AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE, small as small can be,  
In bulk and use surpasses me,  
Nor is my purchase dear ;  
For little, and almost for nought,  
As many of my kind are bought  
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,  
And are procured at little cost,  
The labour is not light ;  
Nor few artificers it asks,  
All skilful in their several tasks,  
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,  
A second draws it into wire,  
    The shears another plies—  
Who clips in length the brazen thread  
For him who, chafing every shred,  
    Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,  
The knob with which it must be crown'd;  
    His follower makes it fast,  
And, with his mallet and his file  
To shape the point, employs awhile  
    The seventh and the last.

Now, therefore, Œdipus! declare  
What creature, wonderful and rare,  
    A process that obtains  
Its purpose with so much ado,  
At last produces?—tell me true,  
    And take me for your pains!

---

## IX. SPARROWS, SELF-DOMESTICATED

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NONE ever shared the social feast,  
Or as an inmate or a guest,  
Beneath the celebrated dome,  
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,

Who saw not (and with some delight  
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)  
How numerous, at the tables there,  
The sparrows beg their daily fare.  
For there, in every nook and cell  
Where such a family may dwell,  
Sure as the vernal season comes  
Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,  
Which, kindly given, may serve with food  
Convenient their unfeather'd brood ;  
And oft as with its summons clear  
The warning bell salutes their ear,  
Sagacious listeners to the sound,  
They flock from all the fields around,  
To reach the hospitable hall,  
None more attentive to the call.  
Arrived, the pensionary band,  
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,  
Solicit what they soon receive,  
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.  
Thus is a multitude, though large,  
Supported at a trivial charge ;  
A single doit would overpay  
The expenditure of every day,  
And who can grudge so small a grace  
To suppliants, natives of the place ?

## X. FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap  
 The youthful tabby lay,  
 They gave each other many a tap,  
 Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,  
 And, with protruded claws,  
 Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,  
 Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,  
 She shakes her to the ground  
 With many a threat, that she shall bleed  
 With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest ;  
 It was a venial stroke :  
 For she that will with kittens jest  
 Should bear a kitten's joke.

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## XI. INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

SWEET bird, whom the winter constrains—  
 And seldom another it can—  
 To seek a retreat while he reigns  
 In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,

Who never can seem to intrude,  
    Though in all places equally free,  
Come, oft as the season is rude,  
    Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray  
    That pierces the clouds of the east,  
To inveigle thee every day  
    My windows shall show thee a feast :  
For, taught by experience, I know  
    Thee mindful of benefit long ;  
And that, thankful for all I bestow,  
    Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds  
    Bespeaks the renewal of spring,  
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,  
    Or where it shall please thee to sing :  
And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,  
    Come again to my window or door,  
Doubt not an affectionate host,  
    Only pay as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus music must needs be confess'd  
    To flow from a fountain above ;  
Else how should it work in the breast  
    Unchangeable friendship and love ?  
And who on the globe can be found,  
    Save your generation and ours,  
That can be delighted by sound,  
    Or boasts any musical powers ?



## XII. STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

THE shepherd touch'd his reed ; sweet Philomel  
 Essay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the strain,  
 And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,  
 The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before  
 A rival of his skill, indignant heard,  
 And soon (for various was his tuneful store)  
 In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,  
 With all the force that passion gives inspired,  
 Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close  
 Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill, prevail'd. O fatal strife,  
 By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun ;  
 And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,  
 And he may wish that he had never won !

## XIII. ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WHO LIVED ONE HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIED ON  
 HER BIRTHDAY, 1728.

ANCIENT dame, how wide and vast,  
 To a race like ours, appears,  
 Rounded to an orb at last,  
 All thy multitude of years !

We, the herd of human kind,  
Frailer, and of feebler powers ;  
We, to narrow bounds confined,  
Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we  
Perish even from the womb,—  
Swifter than a shadow flee,—  
Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease  
Lurk in all that we enjoy ;  
Some that waste us by degrees,  
Some that suddenly destroy.

And, if life o'erleap the bourn  
Common to the sons of men,  
What remains, but that we mourn,  
Dream, and doat, and drivell then ?

Fast as moons can wax and wane,  
Sorrow comes ; and, while we groan,  
Pant with anguish, and complain,  
Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few (to few 'tis given),  
Lingering on this earthly stage,  
Creep and halt with steps uneven,  
To the period of an age,—

Wherefore live they, but to see  
Cunning, arrogance, and force,  
Sights lamented much by thee,  
Holding their accustom'd course ?

Oft was seen, in ages past,  
All that we with wonder view ;  
Often shall be to the last ;  
Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate, content  
Should propitious Heaven design  
Life for us as calmly spent,  
Though but half the length of thine.

---

#### XIV. THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute ;  
A field—the subject of the suit.  
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage  
With which the combatants engage,  
'Twere hard to tell who covets most  
The prize—at whatsoever cost.  
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice :  
No single word but has its price.  
No term but yields some fair pretence  
For novel and increased expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,  
Which he that bore it may disclaim,  
Since both, in one description blended,  
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

## XV. THE SILKWORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,  
 A worm, scarce visible, disclose ;  
 All winter long content to dwell  
 The tenant of his native shell.  
 The same prolific season gives  
 The sustenance by which he lives,  
 The mulberry leaf, a simple store,  
 That serves him—till he needs no more !  
 For, his dimensions once complete,  
 Thenceforth none ever sees him eat ;  
 Though till his growing time be past,  
 Scarce ever is he seen to fast.  
 That hour arrived, his work begins :  
 He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins ;  
 Till circle upon circle wound  
 Careless around him and around,  
 Conceals him with a veil, though slight,  
 Impervious to the keenest sight.  
 Thus self-enclosed, as in a cask,  
 At length he finishes his task ;  
 And, though a worm when he was lost,  
 Or caterpillar at the most,  
 When next we see him, wings he wears,  
 And in papilio pomp appears !  
 Becomes oviparous ; supplies  
 With future worms and future flies  
 The next ensuing year—and dies !  
 Well were it for the world, if all  
 Who creep about this earthly ball,  
 Though shorter-lived than most he be,  
 Were useful in their kind as he.

## XVI. DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

IN this mimic form of a matron in years,  
 How plainly the pencil of Denner appears !  
 The matron herself, in whose old age we see  
 Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she !  
 No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,  
 No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow !  
 Her forehead indeed is here circled around  
 With locks like the ribbon with which they are bound ;  
 While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin  
 Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin ;  
 But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,  
 Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.  
 Yet all is express'd with fidelity due,  
 Nor a pimple or freckle conceal'd from the view.

Many, fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste  
 For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste.  
 The youths all agree, that could old age inspire  
 The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire ;  
 And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see  
 Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.  
 The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,  
 O wonderful woman ! as placid as thine.

Strange magic of art ! which the youth can engage  
 To peruse, half-enamour'd, the features of age ;  
 And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,  
 That she, when as old, shall be equally fair !  
 How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,  
 Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd !

## XVII. THE MAZE.

FROM right to left, and to and fro,  
 Caught in a labyrinth you go,  
 And turn, and turn, and turn again,  
 To solve the mystery, but in vain ;  
 Stand still, and breathe, and take from me  
 A clew, that soon shall set you free !  
 Not Ariadne, if you meet her,  
 Herself could serve you with a better.  
 You enter'd easily——find where——  
 And make with ease your exit there !

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XVIII. NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE  
SUFFERER.

THE lover, in melodious verses,  
 His singular distress rehearses ;  
 Still closing with a rueful cry,  
 " Was ever such a wretch as I ?"  
 Yes ! thousands have endured before  
 All thy distress ; some, haply, more.  
 Unnumber'd Corydons complain,  
 And Strephons, of the like disdain ;  
 And if thy Chloe be of steel,  
 Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel ;  
 Not her alone that censure fits,  
 Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

## XIX. THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,  
 The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,  
 As if he grew there, house and all  
 Together.

Within that house secure he hides,  
 When danger imminent betides  
 Of storm, or other harm besides  
 Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,  
 His self-collecting power is such,  
 He shrinks into his house, with much  
 Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,  
 Except himself has chattels none,  
 Well satisfied to be his own  
 Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,  
 Nor partner of his banquet needs,  
 And if he meets one, only feeds  
 The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind  
 (He and his house are so combined),  
 If, finding it, he fails to find  
 Its master.

THE END.











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